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May 1906

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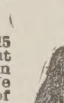
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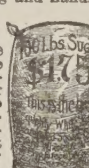
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


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VICK'S MAGAZINE



MAY, 1906

Vol. XXX. No. 3

VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, DANVILLE, N. Y.

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Fate and Daisies

By Mary E. Coon

The White Weed Tells a Young Maid's Fortune and the Story How It All Came True



T'S the very poorest medder on the hull place," my Uncle Levi had said, wiping his hard hands on the brown towel, and looking from the kitchen window across the rye-fields to a meadow white with daisies. "It don't turn nothin' to nobody, fur it's full of that plaguey dutch weed from one end to the other. I'll have it mowed before another of them flowers has time to blow. Jake," he added, turning to a young man wiping another pair of hard hands, on another brown towel, "you jest take that medder in hand tomorrow, and see if you can't make them cussed flowers a little scarcer."

In this meadow, knee-deep among the daisies, Jane Spear and I stood when the sun was going down. Jane was plucking the petals from the corolla of one of the "cussed flowers," telling my fortune, as she had gravely intimated a minute before she would.

"Nonsense!" I had said to her proposition to tell me the profession of my future lord and master; but as the dark-eyed, gypsy-faced girl bent gravely over the little flower, and repeated in solemn tones the prescribed formula, I was conscious of watching her intently, as if indeed there were some connection between my fate and the flowers of the field.

"Lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer"—Jane Spear paused over the half-plucked corolla and glanced into my face.

I tried to put the eagerness out of my eyes and the earnestness away from my mouth, but the quick-sighted girl smiled and resumed the formula:

"Lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer!"

Jane Spear's voice dropped with the last petal. "It is a lawyer," she said.

"I'm so glad it wasn't a farmer," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief.

Jane Spear's eyes sought mine searchingly. What wonderful eyes they were! I had said to myself a score of times that if Jane Spear's brother Jake had eyes like Jane's I would have liked him better. You see, Jane's eyes told tales and asked and answered questions plainer than any words. I read the question in Jane Spear's eyes that night, "Then you won't marry brother Jake?"

My answer was wordy. I said there was no use talking, which meant there was no use for any one to talk who held opinions contrary to mine, and was a certain indication that I would talk a great deal. I said that farms were very nice in story-books and poet's imaginations. A farm, in fancy was a tract of land modeled after the garden of Eden. Figuratively it flowed with milk and honey and literally it grew grain spontaneously, and yielded strawberries promiscuously.

The ideal farmer was a large-hearted, open-handed man, with broad acres in the highest state of cultivation, deep pockets full of jingling coin, and any number of government bonds stowed away in convenient hiding places. He did his work by machinery, and was the embodiment of fun and good-nature.

The real farmer was always at work at five o'clock in the morning, and abed soon after the chickens.

"You mean Jake," exclaimed Jane Spear. Her eyes were looking across the meadow to the rye-field, where walked the tall, sun-burnt man to whom my uncle had spoken that noon.

"You are mistaken. I have not given your brother a thought," I replied, quietly.

Jane Spear colored violently. I wish I could make Jake see with my eyes," she muttered in a vexed way. She stooped down and plucked another daisy, with the remark, "I haven't told you all, yet."

"Rich man, poor man, rogue," she repeated, solemnly. One by one the spotless fragments dropped to the earth, and I, watching with the old eager eyes and earnest mouth, the single bit of white set in the yellow bed, shivered, for Jane Spear had named it—"Rogue."

She looked up with a smile that was full of sarcasm. "A farmer might have been honest," she said. "Jake was certain to be."

My eyes followed hers beyond the daisies to the field where the farmer lad stood,

and then away to the little schoolhouse under the hill and the old brown farmhouse. I shook my head. I had known better days. I hated the paper curtains—signs of small capital; I trod the rag carpet with disgust; I read the limited supply of books in rebellious moods; I snubbed the cheap prints on the wall; I grew tired and out of sorts in the little schoolhouse where I taught, and heated and impatient in the kitchen where I drudged, and wished wickedly sometimes that my father had lived or Aunt Larkin had died.

I turned to Jane Spear now with the words on my lips: "I wish you could tell me if Aunt Larkin will ever come."

Jane shook her head. "I have nothing to do with your Aunt Larkin," she said. "I will tell you instead the material for your wedding-gown."

Again she plucked the daisy petals, repeating "silk, satin, lawn." She paused with "satin," on her lips as the last petal fell. "It will become the occasion," she commented—"a lawyer, a rogue, and your Aunt Larkin."

For myself, I looked down on my calico dress with doubt in my eyes. It was a long way off from that cheap calico to satin. I should never wear it but with Aunt Larkin's help.

Across the fields came a sharp, shrill cry—"Ruth! Ruth! Ruth Macy!" It was my Uncle Levi's voice. "Come," I said "uncle wants me to spell a word or write his accounts, and there is the yeast to mix and clothes to fold."

I turned toward the ryefield, but Jane Spear laid her hand on my arm: "Listen!" she said, gravely.

It was her brother Jake singing:

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

I turned my back on the ryefield and went home another way. It was the best way to avoid "a body," and there need be neither kissing or crying. I said to myself.

"I shall try to make Jake see with my eyes," Jane Spear said as we reached the door-yard gate, and she held out her hand to bid me good-night.

"I am sorry," I began; "but there's no use talking."

"Yes, you are right," Jane interrupted quickly. "There's no use talking to you. I had better talk to Jake. Good-night."

I turned from the retreating figure and went toward the house.

"Jest like her father for all the world!" were the words that arrested my footsteps on the threshold. I knew it was I of whom my Aunt Ann spoke. Whenever she talked of a woman "like her father for all the world," it was I. It was an oft-told tale. There was no harm in hearing it again.

My aunt continued: "As full of uppish notions and hifalutin ways as if she was a born lady! And that way is like her mother's too. Dear me! She comes honestly enough by her pride. She ain't got so much to be proud of in her looks neither, for you can't make her hansom any way you can fix it. Jake Spear thinks she's uncommon; but laws! Jake worships the ground she walks on. It's like the girl to give him the cold shoulder though the Spears is as good as she is any day. I used to think mebbe her aunt Larkin would do some-

thin' by her, being her own brother's child, and they do say she's got a power of money; but them rich relations ain't much to count on. Howsomer, there's no tellin. That letter is from furrin parts, and there's no knowing but her aunt Larkin is comin home and will do the hansom thing by Ruth. Laws! how that girl will make the money fly if her ship ever comes in! I do really believe somethin is goin to happen. I've felt it in my bones all day, and you know I seen a letter in the candle last night as plain as my two eyes could see it. Ruth laughed at me; but I wonder what she'll say when she sees that dockyment on the mantle-tree-piece with the furrin mark? I guess she'll think there's somethin in my bones besides fol-de-rol, and she won't say it's all moonshine for me to see letters comin right up out of the candle."

I burst into the room, forgetting to be prudent or careful. "Is there any—" I stopped suddenly, for I would not have my aunt know how much I had heard.

"Gracious, child!" exclaimed my aunt, turning around and surveying me.



We stood knee-deep in daisies while with one of them Jane Spear told my fortune

"What's got into you? You look as if you was jest ready to fly right off the reel. You orten to git yourself into sich a state. There's a letter for you on the mantel-tree-piece, and I guess its come from acrost the water. Mebbe its from your Aunt Larkin, and p'raps its got good news for you."

I had already torn away the envelope and was making myself mistress of its contents. It was very brief and ran thus:

"MY DEAR NIECE—I am making preparations to sail for America, and on my arrival I would like you to meet me in New York. We may be able to do each other mutual service. I hear you are a good school-teacher. It is well. Providence helps those who help themselves. I hear also that you are a real Macy. It is the best thing you can be, though, alas! being a Macy didn't seem to do your poor dear unfortunate father much good."

"I will write you before the steamer sails, and shall expect you in New York on my arrival."

"My lawyer will settle all claims your mother's relatives may have against you."

"With kind regards, your aunt,

PHEBE MACY LARKIN."

In reply I wrote:

"MY DEAR AUNT—I hold your opinion that we may do each other mutual service, and am making preparations accordingly to meet you in New York. The fact is, I am somewhat weary of school-teaching and if I can help myself in some other way I shall be glad to claim the help of Providence."

"Perhaps you are right in saying the best thing I can be is a Macy. I subscribe to the sentiment with the privilege of changing my mind under other circumstances. I have a precedent in your own change from Macy to Larkin."

"My mother's relatives have no claims on you or me, save honor from you and love from me. The services of your lawyer will not be needed in discharging these claims."

"With kind regards, your niece,

RUTH MACY."

After that the farmhouse, the little schoolhouse under the hill, Jake Spear and Jane, and all the homely surroundings of my daily life gave place to new dreams and vague anticipations. The old things dropped quite out of my life when I left them all behind me in obedience to the summons of my aunt Larkin to meet her in New York.

She was a tall, stern-faced woman who rose to meet me when I entered the room where they told me I would find my aunt.

"Is it Ruth Macy?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes, Aunt Larkin," I answered.

"I was expecting you," she replied, giving me her hand. "You have hardly the face I expected from your note. It was sarcastic, do you know it? You do not look like one given to sarcasm."

"I took my cue from you," I answered quietly.

My aunt smiled as she turned away to dispose of some papers. "Frankness was always a Macy virtue," she remarked, taking a seat at her writing desk and beginning to assort papers.

I watched her for a time, marking the proud air and haughty face that must have been handsome when it was young. When I was weary of that I looked out of the window and dreamed of daisy-fields and the old home I had left. Then I fell to wondering what my aunt thought of me, and what were her intentions in regard to me.

I was startled by her voice addressing me, and looking up I found her eyes on me in evident measurement and calculation. I judged she was disappointed in me, for she said, briefly, "Your note quite deceived me. I fancied you tall and stately, but you are neither. Dress will improve you very much. The dress-maker will take you in hand tomorrow."

"I shall be a bill of expense," I answered. "What am I to do?"

My aunt smiled. "It is like the note," she said; "but that is the Macy of it. Well," she continued, "you shall be my amanuensis. I like your writing. It has elegance and character; it is the penmanship of a lady and a Macy. I shall keep you very busy sometimes. You will earn all that you receive. I am en-

gaged in a troublesome lawsuit with my half-brother, your uncle Dick Wiggins," she added in a confidential tone. "You never saw him, of course, for he had nothing to do with the Macy side of the house. The lawsuit is about our mother's property, and if your father had lived he would have contested it as I am doing. You will receive your father's portion if we win. It is but right you help work for it. There is no doubt but we will succeed. Your uncle Dick is a stingy old bachelor, who deserves to lose a suit. You know my stepson, Rob Larkin, is a lawyer, and he says there isn't a shadow of a doubt but we will win the case. You will be wealthy if we do—you and Rob."

"Is your stepson married?" I inquired.

"No," answered my aunt. "It might be worth your while to catch him."

"I prefer to be caught," I answered proudly.

My aunt looked keenly at me. "A real Macy," she commented, musingly. "Now go, child and dress for dinner. I will wait for you and Rob."

I went upstairs with those words ringing in my ears—"You and Rob." He was a lawyer. Was he a rogue?

I said so when I saw his face, crafty, artful, and yet not without the fascination that makes willing subjects of the people over whom such men use their power. Before our dinner was concluded I decided that my aunt was one of these subjects. She might think herself the mistress, but Rob Larkin ruled her. "He shall never rule me," I said, emphatically; and then I fell to dreaming of the daisy prophecy, the lawyer, rogue, and satin dress.

My aunt was correct in her estimate of my susceptibilities for improvement by dress. Standing before my mirror two months later, I smoothed my lavender silk, lifted my lace bertha to see it fall, rich, heavy, and graceful, adjusted the sprays of pink coral in my hair, and went down for my aunt's judgment.

She nodded her approval. "I said so," was her single comment. "Come! Rob and the carriage are waiting. You will have a sight of the best society to-night in Judge Hart's parlors. It will be an opportunity for you to judge how you like it, and how it likes you."

Taking a sight of the best society that night in Judge Hart's parlors, I listened to the conversation around me and meditated. The sum of my meditations was that I did not like the best society. I judged also that it did not like me or it would not have left me free to pursue my own thoughts.

A gentleman at my side talked of witnesses, testimony, and verdicts. "He is a lawyer," I said to myself. "I wonder if he is a rogue;" and then I was angry with myself for harboring the daisy prophecy, as if there was of necessity connection between the profession and roguery because a silly girl had united them with my fate on daisy petals.

The gentleman turned to me. I had been introduced to him as Mr. Sands. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

The query was vague enough for a court's questioning. Was he entrapping me into an expression of opinion concerning himself, or fate, or daisies, or the best society? I was non-committal.

"It? What?" I asked.

"That *trois temps*," he answered, nodding to the musicians.

"I have not heard it," I replied.

"I thought as much," he answered, with a smile. "You have capabilities for abstraction and concentration." He turned to the gentleman at his side and resumed his conversation.

I bit my lips with vexation. I had said to myself that if the best society would talk to me I had it in

my power to be agreeable, but this man had surprised me into a confession of my abstraction, and had left me when he had passed judgment on my mood. I saw Aunt Larkin across the room, and made a movement to join her.

Mr. Sands arrested the movement. "What is your intention?" he asked.

"Migration," I answered.

"Madness!" he exclaimed. "You are ambitious. You are not content to be a fixed star."

"An earthly figure would suit me better," I said, quietly, perhaps bitterly.

"Suggest one," was the authoritative response.

"Wall-flower," I answered.

The man measured me from head to foot, and turned away with a smile. "You will bear transplanting," was his comment. "That redowa will do it. Unconsciously your fingers are keeping time to the music. Will you dance?"

It had been my favorite dance in better days, but I hesitated until I caught the look on Aunt Larkin's face. The look was mingled wonder and intense satisfaction. To answer the wonder and intensify the satisfaction was worth the trial.

"I will try," I answered.

With some partners I might have failed, but not with one like Mr. Sands—light of foot, firm in arm, and controlling in his movements. Like half-forgotten strains of music that a touch recalls, or a half-forgotten poem that a word suggests, the unfamiliar step came back with the old ease and lightness and pleasure. Not until the music ceased did my partner conduct me to a seat in the bay window.

Involuntarily my eyes turned to Aunt Larkin. She was surveying us through her eye-glass with the wonder answered and the satisfaction intensified.

My companion's gaze followed mine. "Larkin looks as if the lawsuit had been settled in her favor," he said, musingly.

He knows of my aunt's suit then, I thought. "Is Mrs. Larkin likely to win?" I asked.

Mr. Sands' face expressed some surprise at my knowledge of the suit. "We cannot tell," he answered. "A little influence either way may change the tide in either direction. Do you know the woman?"

"Yes—that is—she is—"

"She is a rare diplomatist," interrupted Mr. Sands. "Her half-brother, Richard Wiggins, the contestant in this case is no match for her in that direction."

"I thought the question of skill lay between lawyers," I answered. "What is the strength of the lawyer pitted against Robert Larkin?"

The man's answer was a laugh, peculiar and involuntary.

"You are he!" I exclaimed in surprise.

He bowed and with a smile inquired, "What do you know of the Larkin case?"

"That woman yonder in diamonds and point lace is my aunt Larkin," I answered.

"What strange fate throws us together?" he asked, musingly.

"The fate that controls the meetings and partings of the Montagues and Capulets," I answered, laughing.

"God forbid!" was the exclamation, so earnest in answer to my tone of badinage that I looked up with sudden wonder into the darkly flashing eyes and gravely thoughtful face.

The music changed at the moment.

"Another redowa!" exclaimed my companion. "The order of dances has been changed. Ah! it is Rob Larkin's work and here he comes to claim your hand. *Au revoir!*"

(Continued on page 36)

Fruition

By Lucy Lee Pleasants

THROUGH the long, dreamy, idle, summer tide,
While yet for lovers she sometime must wait,
She, with devices gay, her fortune tried,
And strove to turn the magic leaves of Fate.

She severed one by one the petals soft
From the great odorous roses blooming red,
The while her restless fingers queried oft
Whether this year or next she should be wed.

The fringes white she plucked from marguerite,
Found in the dewy grass of meadow-lot;
Exultant, if it gave assurance sweet,
Dejected, if it said, "He loves you not!"

For while men vie together for her smiles,
And lay their wealth and honors at her feet,
While flattery's tongue her willing ear beguiles,
She sighs to find her destiny complete.

And with the rosy mouth in pucker small
All in one breath, did oft essay to blow
The feather down from dandelion tall,
To learn the secret maidens long to know.

She left at night her kerchief on the lawn
That he, therefore, in dew might write his name,
Which she would rise and read at earliest dawn,
With beating heart and velvet cheeks aflame.

And glanced across her shoulder at the moon,
When crescent-shaped she comes in palest gold,
Imploring her to send the promised boon
Of cavalier or faithful lover bold.

And looking on the past through passion's glare,
Through disenchantment and delusions vain,
So calm it lies, unsullied, fresh and fair,
She'd give her triumphs all to have it back again.

The four-leaved clover seemed to her a spell
Which placed beneath her pillow soft at night,
Her girlish dreams would wonderously fulfill,
And with fruition crown her visions bright.

In short, I fear she did incline to stoop
To childish deeds and follies not a few,
Until one day, with nothing more to hope,
She found her longings vague had all come true.

To try her fortune need there now was none.
Unplucked, the daisy flourished in the dew;
The red rose bloomed seductive in the sun
And shattered, ere her touch its petals knew.

Jack and the Bean Stalk

By C. N. HILL

The Soil in Which the Bean was Planted—The Lost Lease of Lefevre Farm

CHAPTER I.

LEAVES FROM JACK'S HISTORY.

THERE is an undeniable fascination in pastoral music, in porches with green curtains of leaf and tendril to shade the glare of summer. These pretty old villages, whatever their hidden defects may be, have at least the innocent charms of confiding lattice

arched elmboughs, babbling streams.

At a little distance from Hayhurst (a village that answers as well to this description as any other) is Crosslane Station, where the train stops of summer evenings. When you alight upon the platform, the engine starts off again, and you find yourself in a little crowd of village folks, market carts, and baskets, and wayfarers already beginning to disperse: some follow the road that runs past pasturing slopes where the flocks are wading; others climb the stile and dip into clover fields; one little cart with a shabby black horse takes a contrary road, bleaker and less frequented. It pushes under a railway-bridge, and runs by flats and reedy marshes, and past deserted looking farms towards an open country, where willows start into line, and distant downs mark the horizon, and far-away villages stand black against the sky.

The boy with the dark eyes who drives the cart, is my hero, young Hans Lefevre; that low house by the common is his home; and the distant village is Foxslip, of evil reputation. It had a bad name once: thieves and wicked people were supposed to live there, and to infest the moor. Many stories were told of dark doings at the dreary little inn, which still stands on the edge of the common. Until a few years ago, there was neither church nor school, parson nor schoolmaster, in Foxslip parish. The chief landowner was Farmer Lefevre, who, it was well known, had no money to give away; he had bills out, people said and was hard pressed to meet them. He was a flighty, irreligious sort of man. He did nothing for the poor; he was absorbed in his own schemes. He scoffed openly at the High Church revivalisms which were going on at Hayhurst under the Squire's patronage. On Sundays, when the wind blew westward, he used (so it was said) to go out shooting crows in church time, knowing that the Squire could hear the report of his gun as he sat in his pew, and Sir George Gorges swore he would convict him.

Farmer Lefevre was almost always in hot water with one person and another; with the Bishop, whom he accused of every crime of which a bishop is capable; with the Squire, with whom he had a standing dispute about the lease of his best fields. His father had bought them from the Squire's father years before, at a time when old Sir George was in urgent need of money.

I say bought, but the old Squire was too proud to convey the land to a stranger absolutely. He had granted a lease for a term of years, and somehow or other the lease had been lost; but the Farmer declared that the Squire could produce it if he had chosen to do so. It was certain that the first Sir George had received a good sum as if for the purchase of the land, and that neither he nor his son had ever asked for any rent since the bargain was made: except, indeed, the almost nominal sum which the farmer paid year by year.

Lefevre had also quarrelled with his wife's family. Mrs. Lefevre had been a Miss Hans, and made an unfortunate match, her relations said—so did not she—for if ever two people were happy together, Farmer Lefevre and his wife were happy and tenderly united. The Farmer, although somewhat abrupt in speech and manner had the ways of a gentleman. He was a grand-looking man; his grandfather had come over from Normandy, and from him he had inherited the dark eyes and pale, high-cut aristocratic features, that might have belonged to Squire Gorges himself with his many quarterings and co-heiress grandmothers and great-aunts. Young Gorges, the Squire's son, with his fat, blonde, Saxon face, looked far more like a farmer's son than did Hans Lefevre, our hero, the only child of this rebellious and unpopular yeoman.

Everyone had a stone to throw at Farmer Lefevre. It is true he paid higher wages than the neighbouring employers; but he was a stern master, and expected a cruel day's work. He was so strong himself, he did not know what it was to feel for others. He was absorbed in his selfish money-making schemes, people said. But in all this they judged him hardly; he was

working for his wife and his son and for the people who spoke so harshly of his life. He was draining and planting at great expense, and he had borrowed money to turn a feverish marsh into wholesome cropland. He vowed he should pay himself back in good time, and would live to a hundred years, if only to spite Sir George; but his reckoning failed. He died at forty, quite suddenly, out in the hayfield one day.

active, impatient, incapable, with a curious power of rising to the occasion and lifting herself out of difficulties (probably because she did not realize them fully,) which might have overwhelmed a less sanguine nature.

For many of these difficulties she had only herself to blame, and it must be confessed that she did this unsparingly, making matters only worse for poor

Hans by her fits of remorse, each of which generally lasted until she had something new to lament over—the Squire's shabby conduct, and her relations' unkindness, and the price of coals, Hans' idleness, and his indifference about a profession, and her own incapacity.

Why was she only a woman? And then she would look about through her tears to see what was to be done next.

Very often it would have been far better if she had done nothing at all, but that was not in her nature. Hans could give her no advice. He knew nothing of the world, and he appeared to be in a sort of stupid dream for some time after his father's death. His mother worried at life, and found a mysterious comfort in the process, but the boy had inherited his father's reserve. He could not put words to feelings as his mother did. She never guessed how much he suffered, nor that his nerves had received a shock which he did not recover for some years. He grew taller and leaner every day, his eyes looked dark and troubled; people and things in general seemed to jar upon him. He tried to attend to the farm, but he soon saw that it could not pay, and his interest failed day by day. His nights were disturbed, and it required all the self-control he was capable of to go on as usual.

Mrs. Lefevre suspected nothing; and yet she was a loving-hearted woman; she would have done anything in the world for Hans except leave him in peace—that indeed would have been against her nature—and while blaming her, let us remember that Emelyn Lefevre had as much right to talk as Hans had to be silent. I venture to put in this plea, though I know it is not a popular opinion.

One resource young Lefevre had, although his mother did her best to interfere with it: he was very fond of reading. He would sit contentedly hour after hour, poring over his father's old books. Mrs. Lefevre was proud of his application, but still more annoyed by his supineness at his age—nearly nineteen—and doing nothing for himself. Even Mrs. Plaskett had remarked—

"Mother, how can you!" said poor Hans, turning very red, and burying his face in the book again.

Mrs. Plaskett was the grocer's retired mother, from Hayhurst, a good old creature, with a lame leg and a pony-carriage, who was glad to do anybody's errands. She came over next day with a petition from her niece, the housekeeper at the Hall. "Five pound of fresh butter, Mrs. Lefevre, if yo' can do it, and any eggs ye can spare. Lady Gorges' hens be not a-layin', and the bride is expectit to dinner. She is to stay up to Stonymore till her own house is ready, pretty dear. Miss Gorges do seem as pleased as her brother a'most, so my niece tells me; they are nigh of a hage; the two young ladies and Miss Gorges must be dull o' times. 'Tis a dull house—Susy do feel it so, and talks of bettering herself. Sir George he were allus a fault-finder. My Sammy tells me as how they calls him the Hogre at the 'Green Ladders.' 'Tis that Tom Parker, I'll be bound. Mrs. Millard should set her face against such rudeness. But ye seem busy today, ma'am, and put about; shall I come back again?"

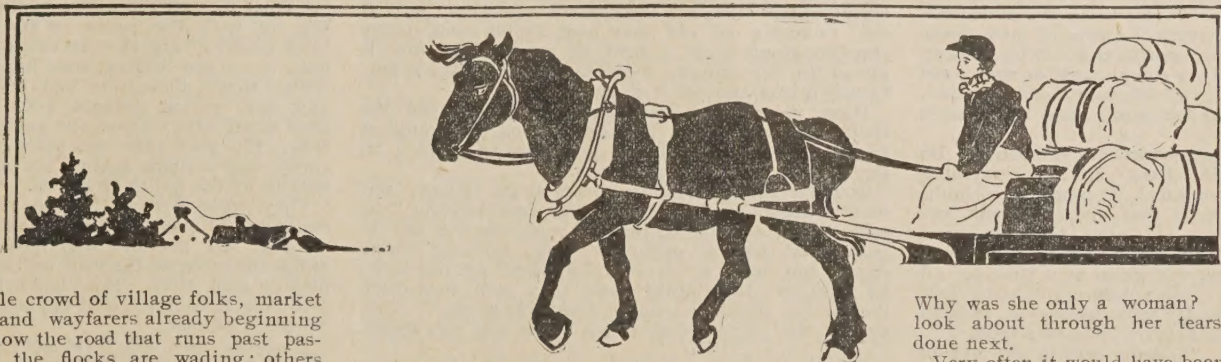
"No; I am not more busy now than usual," said Mrs. Lefevre, looking up and down, "but I cannot trust that girl of mine to do a thing, and I have been running everywhere for Hogdetts. There is something wrong in the cow-house with the calf."

"Is not that Mr. Hans under the oak tree? why don't ye send him to see to the poor beast?" said Mrs. Plaskett. "I took a good look at him as I passed. I didn't know him, ma'am. He will be as foine a man as his father befor long—woo-a, Jinny."

Poor Mrs. Lefevre's eyes filled up. "He will never be what his father was," she said despondingly, as she turned to go into the house.

"Eh! poor soul, I can feel for ye," said Mrs. Plaskett, shaking her black silk bonnet. "An' yet I have been doubly blessed in Thomas and Sammy too, but I fear you lad an' his books is no great stan' by."

"My son is all I could possibly wish," said Mrs.



He had been helping his men to lift a great stack of straw, and he must have strained himself in some fatal way, for he put his hand to his heart and fell back in the sun. And at that minute the farm and fields, and all his hard work and hard savings went back to the Squire on the hillside.

Sir George insisted that the lease was ended by Farmer Lefevre's death, and there was no one to dispute him. Hans was but seventeen; his mother was no match for the Squire, crushed as she was by her trouble. A great shadow of sorrow came into the little farmhouse—a passionate grief uncontrolled, sobbed away in burning tears.

Emelyn Lefevre was an impulsive woman; in her own pain she forgot how cruelly she was raking the one heart that yet beat for her. She clung to Hans, who said nothing as he sat pale and shivering by her side, softly stroking her burning hands, while the poor widow poured out all her sorrow and felt relieved. But as for the boy, dearly as he loved his mother, he had loved his father still more, and this death sunk deep into his soul and into his life. He vowed to himself to win back his inheritance, but for the present he could do nothing but wait. He knew, although the others had not known, of his father's generous schemes for the people round about. He knew all that the Farmer had had at heart, and the future that he had planned when the lands were ready, and the people had learnt to earn their daily bread in honest independence, and not to receive it as a dole, crumb by crumb.

But all this was over now: the cottage (it scarcely reached the dignity of a farmhouse) was their own; but the fields went back to the Squire, who offered no compensation for the money which had been sunk upon them.

Sir George liked to square his accounts, and he felt that he had more than made it up with man and with his conscience when he built the pretty little Gothic church at Foxslip, out of the very first year's profit; he also erected the schools and a comfortable parsonage for his second son, who was just married, to his father's content. And so it happened that a parson had come to Foxslip, and a pony-carriage and a parsonage, and by degrees followed a pretty schoolhouse, with weather-cocks and an inviting porch open to the roadside, and so it came about that Lady Stella teaches in the schools daily, and helps the schoolmistress with her influence and advice. And the children come regularly in the pretty little red cloaks Lady Stella has given them, and Mr. Gorges being a man of eloquence and enterprise, the devil is supposed to be exorcised from Foxslip.

Some people say that being ousted in one place, he has crossed the common and taken up his abode at Hayhurst, hard by among the elms and pastures; we all know that he is said to patronize railways, and Hayhurst is nearer the station, and more convenient in many ways. Also "The Green Ladders" public house, with its lattice windows and shining oaken bar, is a far more cheerful place than the dreary little "Blue Lion" at Foxslip.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT THE LEFEVRE FARM.

Some foolish people let their lamps go out for want of tending, but there are others who choke theirs with too much oil, or who snuff them out nervously at the very moment when the light is most wanted. Mrs. Lefevre was one of these: an incomplete woman,

Lefevre, with some dignity, and she went off, not without some misgivings, to look for the eggs. Mrs. Lefevre had no false shame, and disposed of her eggs and butter with perfect self-possession to the people round about. Neither she nor they ever forgot that she was a lady born, and she might have sold ten times the amount of farm-produce without loss of prestige.

But, alas, the hens, uninfluenced by proud descent, forgot to lay for days together. Something seemed wrong in the hen-house, and indeed the whole farm seemed to be dwindling and vanishing away. Hodgetts, the farm-servant, was not clever with cattle. Mrs. Lefevre sometimes suspected his honesty. Betty, the girl, was also more stupid than any one could have believed who had not seen her ways. If matters did not mend they would never be able to live there, and what was to happen to them then?

Mrs. Lefevre, going into her dairy, found that the eggs had been mixed, that the butter was not set, nor the milk-pans washed out, and Betty was discovered absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of new boots with heels, the dream of months past. Mrs. Plaskett had to drive off without her complement of eggs, and Mrs. Lefevre, vexed, and flushed, and worried, walked across the field to the shady oak, underneath which Jack was lying.

"Jack, where is Hodgetts—what are you about? Do go and see to the calf. How can I do everything while you lie here at your ease? It is my own fault, I know. I have indulged you and spoiled you, and now you think of nothing but your idle pleasure! *Mill on Liberty*—what are you reading? What good will it do you? How can you spend your time on all this rubbish? I know I do not do my duty by you, but I do think you might try to be more of a comfort to —." Poor Mrs. Lefevre burst into tears.

Hans looked very red. "I came here to get out of Mrs. Plaskett's way. I'll go and see to the calf, mother. I'm very sorry."

"Yes, dear, do go," sobbed Mrs. Lefevre. "Oh, that your father were here; I cannot remember what he used to give the cattle. I forget everything, and perhaps it is as well that I should forget. Oh, what a life this is!" The poor soul leant against the tree sobbing bitterly. Life was only Emelyn Lefevre for her as she stood there in her black dress, with her widow's cap falling off. Life is only ourselves over and over again. It is you, for you, and me for me! our own perceptions meeting us again and again.

Life was Hans Lefevre for the young fellow striding off on his way to the stable; a young world, troubled, rebellious, full of tender sympathy: apathetic, at times, but only at times; it was also moved by many a generous, yet silent, determination and youthful impulse. Hans possessed a certain sense of self-respect and reliance, in which his mother was wanting; her very humility of temper was against her happiness. She was a good woman, conscious of failure—not the less conscious of it because she had really tried to do her duty.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOLDEN LADY IN SUNSET LANE.

The poor little calf gave a gasp and died, and Mrs. Lefevre, bursting into fresh tears, once more began to lament her husband's death and her hard fate. "He might have saved the poor thing," she said. "Hans, the farrier says that bottle of brandy was the worst thing we could have tried, but one had to try some thing, and Hodgetts is so dull, and indeed I meant for the best!"

"Of course you did, mother," said her son, trying to comfort her, for he saw she was in real distress. "Everybody loses a calf now and then."

"Only we can't afford to lose a calf, and other people can," sobbed poor Mrs. Lefevre; "listen to that poor cow bellowing, and Sir George's agent wanted to buy them both only last week. Why didn't I let them go, only I could not bear to have dealings with that man? There is Patch coming for that money tomorrow and Hodgetts' wages are due, and . . ."

Hans put his arm round her and pulled her out of the stable into the little orchard, where the apple-trees and the sunset were making a glow overhead, and the flowers and green and fallen twigs, and the tangle of daisies and bright-headed buttercups, were soft under poor Emelyn's footsteps. She trod heavily, as desponding people do, while Hans, looking down into her tear-stained face, was thinking how he could help her best: she had no one else to take care of her. If only he could get work! Their farming was utter delusion, and could never be anything else. If his mother had but agreed long ago to give it all up, it would have been the better for them both, and so he tried to tell her as soon as she could listen to him.

"I have calculated it all over and over again," he said. "We could make it all pay still if we had the marsh fields that Sir George has robbed us of, but without the land it is impossible."

"Look here, mother," and he would have showed her a paper. "No, no, I can't understand—I don't want to see," cried Mrs. Lefevre, with sudden exasperation. "It is all Sir George's wickedness. It would not matter so much if only one could trust to Hodgetts and Betty. Do what you like dear—anything, anything! What do I care so long as you are happy?" and bursting into tears once more, she ran into the house and closed the door behind her. Poor Hans

went and leant over the paling, feeling anything but happy, and staring at his own calculations.

Farming! he hated it. "It is a sort of slave-driving," thought the young fellow, "for those who can't afford to pay for their own conscience." If only he could get other work. They could certainly sell the live stock and pay their debts and have enough over to look about. The cottage was their own; they might dismiss the servants. There were grave suspicions against Hodgetts' honesty. "His honesty!" thought Hans bitterly, "on twelve shillings a week, with ten children and a sickly wife. Suppose he does steal the eggs! Doesn't Sir George steal other people's property, with his twelve thousand a year? Will he have to answer for Hodgetts' ill-doings as well as his own? Not he. He is driving us from our home, but no one will blame him."

Hans, in a fury, crumpled up the paper in his hand and tossed it far over the hedge. It fell at the feet of a woman who was trudging out a-field with a child crying at her skirt, but she did not stoop to pick it up. Presently an old man bent double came slowly crawling along with a load of stones. He saw it gleam in the sunset, took it up, smoothed it out, turned it over and put it down again.

Hans, meanwhile, was pacing up and down the little box walk. He had dwelt upon the wrongs of life until sometimes all the goodness and peace in the world seemed poisoned away.

Tom Parker, his confidant down at the village, was more philosophical: "It ain't no good fretting," he said; "look at me! While such people as that are in power and lord it over our heads, nothing can be done. But wait a bit—see if we don't get our turn; let them go a little farther and they will over-reach themselves, see if they don't—mark my words." Tom Parker was very proud of his words, and was always



The Violet

Here she is again, the dear!
Sweetest vestal of the year;

In her little purple hood
Brightening the lonesome wood.

We, who something worn with care,
Take the road, find unaware

Joy that heartens, hope that thrills
Love our cup of life that fills,

Since in Spring's remembered nooks,
Lifting fain familiar looks,

Once again with curtsying grace,
In the same dear lowly place,

God his manual sign hath set
In the tender violet.

calling upon Hans to mark them. Before long he hoped to have a wider audience. The other did not quite follow all his mysterious hints, and could not wait to be indignant until his feelings should be paid by the column, as Tom assured him the *Excelsior* was prepared to do. (The *Excelsior* was a forthcoming organ, a voice for Tom Parker. It was a weekly newspaper that was to put everything straight: it was only waiting for the necessary funds to commence its triumphant career under the editorship of William Butcher, the well-known agitator.)

What was a newspaper more or less to Hans? He was in a rage, as many a boy and girl has been before him, because they cannot command the things of life.

As Hans leaned his disconsolate elbows upon his garden gate, he suddenly heard an unusual sound coming upon the soft gusts of the evening breeze. Was it a charm—was it a shepherd piping his flock? It was only a woman's voice, softly chanting a sort of wild singing-tune, that shrilled and vibrated. The pathetic voice seemed to touch him curiously. He had never in his life heard anything so strange and so sweet. Then he saw two ladies come slowly walking along by the fragrant hedge that skirted the garden. One of them had pulled some of the wild roses that grew by the corner yew-tree—the other held her hat in her hand, and had turned her face to meet the sweet gorse and clover-scented breezes from across the common. There she stood, a sun-lit nymph, dressed in that pale Japanese silk which ladies have worn of late years. She sang a few notes more, then she looked round, and stopped short.

"Don't let us go on; there is that man looking over his gate. Papa dislikes him so much." She spoke in

a clear and vibrating voice; it was very low, but there was almost a metallic ring in its distinctness as it reached Hans' quick ears; her companion answered, but Hans did not care to listen, and with one steady look, he walked away from the gate rather to the ladies' consternation.

"He must have heard me—did you see how he looked? Oh, Stella, what shall I do?"

"I daresay it was chance," said the other consolingly, as she turned away. "You have dropped a paper, Lina," she continued, pointing with the rose-branch.

The lady called Lina looked down, stooped and picked the paper up and turned it over. "It is very like my writing," she said.

On one side were some calculations, wages, wear and tear so much, net balance—50% deficit. Then a scrap of poetry, copied from some book—

O, end to which our currents tend, inevitable sea!

"What is it all about?" said the young lady, walking on with the paper in her hand; "here is some more poetry;" and then in that curious low voice of hers she began reading some lines that poor Hans had written down, though he had certainly never meant any one, except perhaps Tom Parker, to see them, least of all Lina Gorges, the golden lady in the sunset lane. She grew paler and paler as she read on. The verses were a tirade against her father, supposed to be spoken by the guilty Hodgetts.

They were written in the Hodgetts' dialect, and contained a poor man's remonstrance very simply worded, but not the less telling for that. It was a rough imitation of the work of the great master-hand of their own time. Hans had called his doggerel "A Mid-land Labourer," and the metre was that of the Northern Farmer.

Hodgetts told his own story and his troubles, and appealed to the great landlord to be content with all that he had already devoured—their daily bread, their strength, their own and their children's independence. He had reaped where he had not sown. Had he not taken the Farmer's own, and mulcted the widow and the fatherless? Would he not spare the common and the elm-tree that people said he was now about to enclose?

Apollina's hands were trembling long before this; her heart was beating with passionate indignation. She could read no more.

"How dare he! how dare he!" she cried, panting with sudden furious emotion. "My father take what was not his? My father take another man's property? Stella, you do not believe these cruel, slanderous lies? It is a wicked lie. It is a mistake—it is —"

Her voice suddenly failed, and Lady Stella looking up, saw that her face was crimson, and that her head was hanging, and that great tears, like slow rain-drops in a thunder-storm, were falling from her eyes. Something had changed her; all the fire was gone; all the anger. "We must send this back," she said in an altered voice, that sounded faint and toneless, somehow. "Stella, will you see that young man? Will you give it to him? I cannot. Tell him to destroy it—never to let any one see those cruel words." They met Sir George at the park gate. He chuckled his daughter under the chin, but she only fixed her strange grey eyes upon him without smiling, and looked steadily into his face.

What are you thinking of, child?" said he. "Come home. Mr. Crockett is here. I brought him back to dinner."

Lina gave a little shudder, but did not answer.

CONTINUED IN JUNE

Strange Playmates.

A pretty story has been told me of a small blue dove, or perhaps more properly a pigeon owned by Mr. J. Clifford, of Bath, Maine, that has escaped the claws of the neighborhood cats and prowling hawks, and is living well and hearty at the ripe old age of five years, or rather was, when the incident was related. He is certainly quite a remarkable bird in his way. When the old family cat has her brood of little ones every spring he is delighted and seems to think they are under his especial care, and will hover around them, talking to them in a low, cooing tone. When the old cat is away he will work diligently carrying straws in his beak and spreading across them, and woe to the hand that tries to take a kitten from its nest while he has charge. He will peck and strike with his wings anyone who comes near. He is not blest with that gentle disposition characteristic of his race, and would rather fight than not, and makes a good protector; but after the kittens get large enough to play they have fine times together. The kittens seem to think he is a playmate for them and will roll over together, a strange mixture of feathers and fur. But sometimes he does not agree to such rough usage, and he flies off after giving a sly pinch to the kittens' tails. He and the family cats are on the best of terms and all eat from the same dish.—G. B. Griffith.

Our New Story

Jack of the Bean Stalk had pluck. It won against many difficulties. Everybody who has difficulties of his own to fight will be eager to read how he overcame them in the next five or six chapters.

May Day and Its Celebrations

Old Ways of Merry-Making Still Observed by Different Nations



FROM time immemorial the first day of May has been a gala day in Great Britain, although, like most such festivals, its celebration has declined with the flight of years. Stern Puritanism gave it hard blows in England, during the time of Cromwell's protectorate. His followers uprooted the old May poles and in other ways at-



tested their dislike of what they considered heathen practices. With the Restoration, however, May poles were again set up and the custom of dancing around them still obtains in some sections of Merrie England.

Old legends have it that the Druids lighted great fires on the first of May and Chaucer's and Shakespeare's works contain many allusions to the custom of going early forth on May Day "to fetch the flowers fresh." Even royalty itself joined in the merry-making of the occasion.

The hawthorn branch, which seems to have been the emblem of May Day at that time, was brought home with many of its fellows at sunrise, and hung, to the accompaniment of many a song and quaint musical instrument, about the doors and windows of houses. This ceremony was called "Bringing home the May," or "Going a-Maying."

The fairest maid in the village, or the one who was the most popular was selected as queen of the May, crowned with flowers, and seated within a bower or an arbor composed entirely of boughs and blossoms. About her the revelers danced and made merry and rejoiced over the return of summer. The festival became so popular that King Henry VIII, taking with him Queen Catherine of Aragon, went out into the high grounds of Kent to meet the corporation of the city of London and to join with those august gentlemen in "Bringing home the May."

The May pole was a fixed feature of the day in all villages. It was as high as the mast of a vessel. Upon it many wreaths were hung, and the happy villagers danced about it in circles from morning until night on every first of May. Nowhere is the festival maintained more gayly than in Italy, where the young people sally forth at day-break to collect boughs with which to adorn the door ways of their neighborhoods. Such simple merry-making accords well with the light, pleasure-loving nature of the Italians, who thrive on air and sunshine as other nations do on bread.

In America the first day of May has never been given the honors which other nations have accorded it. In the early days of the Massachusetts Colony Thomas Morton set up a May pole at his settlement of Merry-Mount, around which his followers danced hand in hand with the Indians, "to the great scandal of their solemn visaged neighbors and the wrath of the stern governor, Endicott, who, in 1628, caused the settlement to be broken up and shipped its leader back to England."

The celebration of May Day in America is now left entirely to the plays and pastimes of children, who enjoy it to the fullest extent, whether it is celebrated at home or in the public parks. City children seldom fail to celebrate its advent with singing, games and a joyous dance around the May pole, unless, indeed, the weather be too inclement for anybody to venture out. Teachers in both public and private schools take a warm interest in the celebration, and if one visits our principal parks on May Day he may see numerous clusters of children skipping merrily about a variety of be-ribboned poles, while a teacher, parent, nurse or governess looks smilingly on from a seat which has been improvised for the occasion. The large open spaces in the parks are invariably used for this merry-making, and no prettier sight could be imagined than a group of joyous children dancing gayly upon a smooth green stretch of ground. Luncheon, too, is

eaten in the park, seasoned with that rare zest which healthful outdoor exercise gives to appetite, and which makes the children exclaim repeatedly that they were never so hungry in all their lives before.

The old English custom of hanging quaintly contrived little May baskets, filled with flowers or sweet-meats on the door knobs of friends on May morning is still kept up in some parts of our country, and greatly delights the children. The tiny baskets can be made of popcorn, scallop shells, coconut shells, or of colored paper shaped over forms to look like apples or oranges. In the coconut shells, are frequently set little blooming plants of violets, oxalis or crocus. These will keep fresh for quite a while if drainage holes are provided and they are well watered. If you waken on May Day morning to a wild scampering of little feet from your door and the sound of smothered laughter, you may feel pretty sure that a bright little basket is hanging outside.

The early Celtic nations held a feast called Bettein on the first of May, but little seems to be known regarding it, save that it had no connection with flowers. The French and German nations observed May Day in ways similar to those of England.

In the calendar, May is represented by the zodiacal sign "Gemini," for the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, the sons of Jupiter to whom the ancients were accustomed to offer white lambs as a sacrifice.

Various and curious are the superstitions that in some countries attach to different times and happenings in May. A number of them are rife among Italians and the negroes of the south. The first rain in May, if one will endure a thorough drenching in it, is thought to render the drenched immune from colds through all the rest of the year. Kine that are given green grass on May Day will repay in an ample yield of rich cream and butter until the next grass grows again. Girls whose birthdays come on May Days will be surpass-

The May Queen.

The boughs were white with the bloom of May,
And the wild bees were astir,
And flitting about the livelong day
In their vests of golden fur,
And the swallows were circling far above
The meadows fresh and green,
When I ventured first to tell my love
To a blushing, fair, young queen.
And never a royal dame, I'd say,
Had a crown one-half so fair
As the flowery wreath that lightly lay
On her wealth of golden hair.
And her cheeks were red as a rose in June,
And her radiant, smiling eyes
Had the hue we see some summer noon
In the fair, blue, gleaming skies.
And the linnet's notes with the woodlark's rang,
And the blackbirds answered keen,
And the village lads and lasses sang
As they danced around their queen;
And I joined their sports and shared their fun
The length of that summer day
Round the tall May-pole, and wooed and won
The maid that was queen of May.
I know that her hair is silvered now
By many a winters' snow,
There are lines of care on her once smooth brow,
And her cheeks have lost their glow;
But to me she is still as fair and young
As she was that summer day
When I told my love with faltering tongue
To the maid that was queen of May.—Selected.

May of the Painters and Poets.

The picture below is from Guido Reni's famous painting, Aurora, an old allegorical picture that may represent either the daily dawn, or the return of this the vernal season. The story of it runs thus:

Apollo, the Sun-King, attended by his Hours, rides in his beautiful chariot to bring light, heat and pleasure to the world. The Hours bring from their stalls the beautiful, prancing horses and harness them to the splendid chariot. This chariot was the gift of Vulcan to Apollo and was so dazzlingly bright that few dared look upon it. The body was of pure gold, the axle of gold, the pole and wheels of



of gold, the spokes of silver. Along the seats were rows of rubies and diamonds. When all is ready Apollo springs into the chariot and takes the reins.

Aurora, the goddess of dawn, puts out the light of the moon and the stars. She pulls open the gates of violet clouds, and throws a shower of roses along the pathway. Apollo grasps the reins more tightly and away go the horses drawing behind them the flaming car of day. The first part of the way is steep so that the horses can scarcely climb it. The middle is high up in the heavens and Apollo looks down on the earth and the sea beneath. The last part is down a steep, dangerous hill and needs a tight rein and careful driving. The whole way is full of danger, the horses are not easy to guide. But Apollo is wise and strong and carefully he keeps the horses in the path, that earth and sky may each receive just the right amount of heat and light, or the earth its summer quota of both.

On the walls of Apollo's Palace of the Sun are wonderful pictures, so the old myths say. Pictures of the earth, with its towns, forests and rivers; of the sky with its thunderbolts and its hosts of stars; of the sea with storms lashing it to fury, or of the nymphs playing in smooth stretches of water.

Here sits Apollo, upon a glittering throne, and about him awaiting his commands, are the Days, Months, Years and Hours, Spring crowned with flowers; Summer with her sheaf of ripened grain; Autumn, with her horn of fruit; and Winter, his hair stiff with frost, are all in the palace waiting till Apollo shall send them forth.

All poets love the May time and their songs of it are many. Best known and loved of all is perhaps Tennyson's May Queen, which many a school-girl has recited joyously. I have heard the children singing it around May poles improvised from clothes-poles in the yard, with their hat, hair and sash-ribbons swaying in streamers from the top while they danced merrily.

ingly beautiful,—these and a number of other similar superstitions still float about the world. All agree in one thing, the magic influence of the day and month for good on certain terms and conditions. And May, after all, is typical of the springtime of life when to young eyes the whole world has a rosy hue, and all its paths are flower strewn.

J. H. S.

It Is Not Always May.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

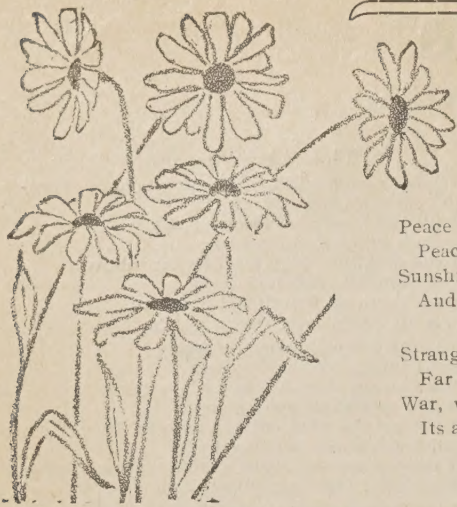
All things are new; the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, Oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

—H. W. Longfellow.



After Many Days---MAY 30, 1906.

By Ruth Hays.

Peace over all the land,
Peace, and the blossoming May:
Sunshine and breeze and song of bird,
And fair green fields today.

Strange it is to remember,
Far in the vanished years,
War, with its thousand horrors
Its agony and tears.

Low in these grassy graves
They lie who fought so well,
The men who fought for freedom—
Long, long ago they fell!

We think of them, not sadly,
Not mournfully today.
Their sorrows are long over,
But on their graves we lay

With tender, reverent memories,
Our garlands fair and sweet,
And sing our solemn requiems,
Paying them tribute meet.

Then leave them in the sunshine,
In this fair green world of May;
The faithful unto death lie here,
Sleeping in peace to-day.

Pa's Pension

By Alice Maguire

AN OLD man stood before a florist's window. He was a pretty old man, with pink and white complexion like a little child's, kindly blue eyes and soft, waving silvery locks, worn just a little long. The spring wind boldly tossed them about his old face.

How longingly he gazed at the gay display! Then said to himself: "I wish I had some of them posies. They'd look mighty pretty on Mary's grave. Decoration Day I can get lots of common posies but somehow I want the very best for her. I s'pect it's because I'm extravagant and want to spend money. But I hain't got none, so I can't spend any."

He turned away and sauntered up the village street. A crowd of boys stood before a poster that had just been pasted up in the most conspicuous place in the village.

"Look, Grandpa, just see! The circus is comin'! Les' go! See, it's the greatest show on earth! This says so, right here."

Pa began to read all the wonderful things which were promised.

"Can't you go, Grandpa, and take me and Jim Field and Bill Smith, and—oh, lots of the fellers?"

"Well, now, sonny, ain't that 'ere nice? When's it comin'? I'd like to go. And course I'd take you and the fellers, but Grandad hasn't any money."

"Has ma borrowed your pension money, Grandpa?"

"Well, I don't seem to have any by me just now. We can all go Decoration Day though."

"And you are going to march, ain't you, Grandpa? Say, Grandpa, you are the nicest looking old man in the whole crowd! Ma said so."

"Oh, that's 'cause she's relation to me, I guess."

Poor old Grandpa, with his sunny, unselfish ways! They were only thoughtless and imposed upon him.

He had been a hard-working man in his life. Mary and he had begun life on a little farm his father had helped him to buy.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out there were two little boys and one little girl in the household. He had deemed it his duty to go, and Mary would not say him nay, although it took a brave heart to make the tongue utter words that cheered him on to help rescue the Union from dissolution. For her those were long years of waiting and watching, cheered by an occasional furlough when James could come home. He had not entirely escaped the bullets either; there was still one in his right leg.

But there was a joyous home-coming when Pa, then young James Blair, was mustered out.

How the little farm thrived the next season! But soon sickness entered the home. Death came in where he was so unwelcome, and bore away the latest comer and sunbeam of the home. James and Mary, too, were stricken with the fever. The neighbors did what they could, but there were no crops to amount to anything that season.

The next year found James in debt, and he was not prosperous for two or three years. How they scrimped and saved and were careful of every penny! Mary was born about this time, and had always been the idol of her father's heart.

As the children grew older, the boys began to work away and to bring their money home. When Mary was old enough she taught the village school, but her father would not touch her wages. He loved to see her dressed becomingly and he said they did not need her money. The mortgage was paid at last!

When the boys were old enough to go into business for themselves their father helped them, and when Mary was married to a rich young farmer her trousseau was altogether satisfactory.

The old home was a bright spot for the children and grandchildren to gather in Thanksgiving times. Father was hale and hearty; Mother always welcomed them with happy, loving words. The place was always

bright and cheerful. But time makes halting steps and saps the strength. By and by Ma could not keep the house as spotless as of old. Then she took to her bed.

The children came home, but their own affairs engrossed their attention and their visits were hurried. A girl was hired, but her slipshod ways so annoyed Ma, and Pa said he could do better alone. So he did the housework and took care of mother. Mary helped fitfully; her own home needed her so much! Poor Ma, who was so dainty and neat in her ways, had to get along with such care as a man could give.

What is the remedy for the growing evil? No proper help can be secured on the farms. The children leave for themselves, which is but natural. The old folks, when they become feeble, must be left alone. It seems a sad sequel to a well-spent life.

Pa knew that Ma was surely fading away. The children said: "Ma will be all right when spring comes. Pa is nervous."

Yes, "Ma was all right," now. When Decoration Day came her new made grave was among those the children decorated.

How they missed the dear, faithful, loving mother! Mary clasped her arms around the lonely old father's neck, and said: "Oh, Pa, come home with me! I fear I have neglected Ma, but you come to me in my own home, and God deal with me as I deal with you!"

"You was always a good girl, Mary, and maybe I'd best go home with you," was all Pa said.

Pa did not complain, but they knew he was very lonely after losing his mate of so many years.

He divided the farm and all the belongings among the children. All he wanted was his little pension, he said. Mary said she would provide him with every thing he needed.

"And, Pa, you can always come to us," said the boys.

"Oh, I don't want much," said Pa.

Pa's pension, though, was so handy; of course he needed nothing. So, on one pretense or another, Mary borrowed it. She did it thoughtlessly. Pa had every thing he needed. She did not know that old folks like to be independent and that they enjoy spending money without having to ask for it, and would rather go without than go through that ordeal. Mary's husband would have given her all she asked for, but he was making plans for accumulating more money all the time, and she would rather ask Pa for it. She meant to pay him. But Pa did not need it.

Decoration Day was drawing near. An old comrade came from the Soldiers' Home to his old home in Springvale and was Pa's guest.

Mary had been so glad that her father could have the pleasure of the old man's company. They would both march with the old veterans on the morrow and join in the Decoration day service.

The two old men sat on the porch chatting away very happily together. The day was warm and the house windows were open and Mary was making the beds. She had paid no attention to the conversation until she heard the guest say:

"Don't you take the National Tribune? I thought you were taking that."

"I was, but I cannot afford it any more."

"Can't afford it! That's what you have said about everything. What do you do with your money?"

Then, with a look of consternation, "You haven't got to drinking, have you, James?"

Pa laughed. "I guess not; not as I know of, anyway."

"You see, I divided my little property with the children, and I don't have any money."

"You have your pension, don't you?"

"Well, I mostly let Mary have that."

"What for? Do you pay your board? I only have my pension, and I get all the little things I want, and help a comrade now and then."

"Why, Mary only borrows it." Then, with a little pathetic laugh, "She thinks I don't need it. And I don't, I s'pose. But somehow I'd like to be a little extravagant sometimes. I had to be so saving when I was young. Mary's man would give her all she needs,

but I suppose it's handier to ask me. She's a good girl, too, and I couldn't deny her anything. I never did. I presume she'll pay me some time!"

Then something in the street called their attention, and the astonished listener heard no more. But she did not need to. She saw how galling was the yoke of dependence, and her thoughtless selfishness.

Decoration day dawned bright and clear. Pa and his old comrade made ready to march with the veterans. As they were about to leave for the gathering place, Mary called her father into another room. "How nice you look, you dear old, unselfish Pa, you! Here's some money that I believe belongs to you." And she placed in his hand a great roll of bills, in fact, the amount she had borrowed, with interest.

"Oh my! I don't need all that," said her father, trying to put it back in her hand. "Nevertheless, it is your own, father; and I have been very negligent not to have paid it long ago."

He drew her into his arms and kissed her. "You allus was a good girl, Mary," said he.

What a fine-looking old man was Pa, as he marched in the procession, and what a brilliant, costly bouquet of hot-house flowers he carried! Later, anyone who visited his wife's grave would have found them there.

Did Pa go to the circus when it came to Springvale?

Indeed he did! He went with his grandson and all his grandson's chums. They took in all the side shows and drank pink lemonade, and the show had no better patronizers than Pa and the rest of the boys.

The Treason of the White Pansy

By Margaret Eastman.

Emmeline loved white pansies; her dooryard was full of them. Pure white, with just a tiny golden eye hidden under a frosty eyebrow; white, with faint blue pencillings like the veins under a fair woman's skin; white, with a saucy patch of purple, like the beauty-patch of some old-time belle. Pansies raised all along her neat, narrow garden walks and close to the walls of her trim little house, and overflowed into great bowls in the cool mite of a parlor.

Everybody knew Emmeline's pansies. Strangers paused at the low gate to look at them, school children clung to the pickets and gazed wistfully through until their longing was satisfied by generous handfuls of the flowers. Many a bride in the small village went to the altar crowned with them and never a tiny coffin was interred for miles around but held an offering from their snowy beds.

There were plenty and to spare. None who asked went away empty handed, yet there was one person who would have given all his possessions for a pansy from Emmeline's garden.

Small chance was there, however, that he should receive it; for when the little old maid went out into her small kingdom she never glanced toward the house of her next door neighbor without a short, severe line coming down between her pretty, straight brows.

It was an innocent looking house. Little else than the brown roof was visible through the locust trees clustering thickly about it, and the field that lay between was green and well cared for.

When her neighbor was working in his south field, which he did often, to the neglect of his other crops, Emmeline stayed indoors. This seemed strange, for the time had been when the flimsiest sort of an excuse would do for a reason to lean over the low boundary fence to the great detriment of the cultivation of the field.

There are even old residents who assert that they have seen John Morris plowing in his south field with a white pansy in the buttonhole of his blue denim blouse. At any rate, it is certain that for nearly all of one summer he went to church with Emmeline and wore one on his best coat to match the bunch in her belt ribbon.

(Continued on page 38)

A Tangled Web

By K. S. Macquoid

PAUL WHITMORE BECOMES ABSORBED IN A SUMMER IDYL AND WILL BRIGHT RECEIVES A MOST UNSATISFACTORY ANSWER TO AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters are introduced, Polly Westropp, a village beauty and Paul Whitmore, an artist who admires her very much; also her father, the farmer-miser, and Mr. Beaufort the rector. With Nuna Beaufort, the rector's daughter, Will Bright, the owner of Gray's Farm, is deeply in love, and in the last chapter decides to ask her at once the all-important question. Meantime Patty's father is away attending the burial of her maternal grandmother.

CHAPTER VI.

PATTY AND PAUL.



IN THE morning on which the master of Gray's farm took his way to Guildford, Paul Whitmore had risen much earlier than he ever did in London, and had in consequence, gained considerably in the opinion of Mrs. Fagg, his landlady of the Bladebone. He was half ashamed of the eagerness which drew him toward Patty's home.

Those few brief moments with Patty had been exquisite to him; his ardent love of beauty had found full scope for worship in her loveliness, and the simple sweet shyness with which it seemed to him she shrank from his admiration, had made him long to conquer it—to tame this lovely rustic into a liking for him. If you had told Paul Whitmore that there was any danger of his really loving Patty, he would have scoffed; and yet his thoughts had been so full of her overnight at the Rectory that he had scarcely noticed Nuna Beaufort. The Rector had explained to him that he had seen his friend Mr. Bright, who would be absent till Monday; and Paul had accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Beaufort on Sunday, much against his will, and only because he could not plead any good reason for refusing.

"I would much rather get a stroll with Patty," he said to himself, "than have to play fine gentleman to a proper young lady like Miss Beaufort. When one goes in the country, one doesn't care to wear harness. I like freedom in every way."

He was in hopes of meeting Patty somewhere in the lane; but even when he reached her cottage gate there was no trace of her.

Paul hesitated as to what he should do. There might be some one besides Patty in the cottage, and it might vex the young girl if he ventured in without her asking.

He stood leaning on the gate whistling—whistling a tender, appealing strain he had heard in Italy; he whistled it without being conscious of its appropriateness to his feelings. He had learned it from a young vetturino in a moonlight drive one soft spring evening.

Presently Paul looked towards the angle of the lane, and his heart gave a great leap; there was Patty.

He was beside her in a minute. He had resolved to repress his admiration, to be quite indifferent, but he had counted on meeting Patty in a natural way in her garden or at her cottage door. Instead, he was so taken at unawares, so eagerly delighted, that he had got both Patty's hands in his before he knew what he was doing, and was gazing down into her face, his feelings speaking ardently in his dark eyes.

No, his fancy had not deceived him; she was lovely—far lovelier than she had looked yesterday. She stood with downcast eyes, a delicious blush rising softly in each cheek; and it seemed to Paul that her hands trembled while they lay passively in his warm clasp.

All Paul's speech had flown; he only wanted to look at Patty. He feared to break the exquisite raptures the sight of her face inspired, by any word. He would have stood there much longer if Patty herself had not roused him.

The white lids were gently raised, and then the sweet blue eyes looked up from under their black lashes. Patty drew her hands away gently.

Then Paul found his tongue.

"Where have you been? I feared I should not see you. I have been waiting for you ever so long."

"I'm very sorry," said Patty; "I went to the post, sir."

"Do you write letters, then?" he said, with a keen pang of jealous vexation.

Patty stooped a little; she tried to tread a stone into its place in the loose gravel.

"Sometimes, sir."

"Don't call me sir—pray don't. Would you object to tell me the name of your correspondent, Patty?"

Patty looked at him; she saw that he was frowning, and a half smile curved her full red lips.

"I wrote this letter to a friend of mine—Miss Coppock," she said.

"A friend of yours! Where does she live?" said Paul. He said the words absently.

"In Guildford. I used to live with her before father sent for me home." Patty sighed.

This was the first clue she had given him, and Paul caught at it eagerly. He longed to make her talk about herself, as he had longed just now to stand still gazing down into her face.

He saw, this morning, that she was less rustic than he

Miss Beaufort, almost made him gasp for breath. "You must not dream of such a thing," he said warmly.

"What can your father be thinking about? He must know that you would be exposed to all kinds of annoyance, even if you were in any way fit for such a thing. You must laugh at him, and tell him you mean to marry and have a house of your own to take care of."

Paul did not know how eagerly he looked at her as he spoke. He said to himself, "Of course she'll marry, only I hope it will be something better than a mere bumpkin." A quick flush on Patty's face and a sudden light in her eyes as she looked full at him, told him he had in some way offended her.

"What is the matter? Don't you mean to marry?" he said.

"No," Patty looked sulky.

"And won't you tell me why?" said Paul. He felt so guilty at having made this poor child unhappy, he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I don't know," Patty hung her head, and her lips quivered. Paul's curiosity grew intense.

"Ah, you can't marry the man you love, and so you won't have anyone else," he said laughingly. "That's

father's doing, is it?" and while he laughed he felt as jealous as Blue Beard.

Patty looked up, her eyes round with surprise.

"What does he know about me?" she thought. "I don't love anybody," she said slowly; "and I won't marry only to please father."

There was a little pause. Paul had awakened to the consciousness that he was talking in a very unusual way to this country girl, and Patty was waiting to see the effect of her words.

Patty had learned much from her friend in Guildford, and one lesson that she had especially retained was never to lessen the effect of her beauty by too many words. "Middle-aged women and plain women must talk, my dear," said Miss Coppock; "but till a man tires of a pretty face, let him look at it—that's all he wants; and yours is no common pretty face, Patty Westropp."

"Well then," Paul spoke slowly, "I don't see why you should not stay at home and keep house for your father; he must have some one."

But Patty was not appeased, though she tried to hide her vexation, and the flutter she was in made this difficult; her only help lay in clinging to Miss Coppock's wisdom. "Patience says real ladies never look cross," she

thought; "they only smile all the harder to hide what they feel," and she forced a smile. Patty was not as simple as Paul took her to be, but she had never talked quite alone to a gentleman before, and it was very difficult to know how to behave. Patty's rule was that no man was a gentleman who earned his living, but it was impossible to deny this gentleman's claim to the title, even if he did paint pictures.

"I don't like rough work," she said, plaintively; "it spoils my hands."

Paul glanced at the ill-used hands; they were plump and well-shaped, with little rose-tinted dimples where knuckle-bones show later. The fingers, too, so far as he could judge, looked round and shapely; but Patty had taken good care to crumple up her finger points as she spoke, so that he did not see much more than two small pink fists. "But you would have hard work to do in service, would you not?"

"Not if I was lady's-maid. But I shouldn't like service at all," said Patty angrily.

"Not even at the Rectory?" She looked so pretty, and in her pettish mood she had so forgotten her shyness that he teased her on purpose to prolong it.

"No, that I wouldn't! I wouldn't be Miss Nuna's maid; not for better wages than she could ever give."

The words jarred, but she was growing more charming every minute, he thought.

"I should have thought Miss Beaufort a kind, quiet sort of young lady."



To talk over business matters with the rector was easy enough for Will Bright

had thought. She had been used to something better than a mere country life; others had doubtless admired her as much as he did; and yet if she were aware of her beauty she could not be so simple.

"Which do you like best, Guildford, or the cottage here?"

"I don't know, quite," and Patty blushed.

"But your father is kind to you, isn't he? You are happy with him, aren't you?"

Patty tossed her head like a young pony.

"Father's kind; but you see I've been brought up different to his ways, and I find them too strict."

Poor little Patty! she was, then, one of the victims he had fancied only existent in books; shut up in this lonely cottage with a miserly father, who probably made her work cruelly hard so as to get the most he could out of her; and yet her hands showed small signs of work.

"He says," Patty went on, timidly glancing up every now and then to make sure her listener did not think her over-bold, "I ought to earn wages; he wants me to take service at the Rectory."

"Take service!" Paul's brain spun round. It was fortunate for Patty that she stood there close to him in all her beauty as she said this, for he might have been cured of his growing passion. "Service!" A vision of Patty with cap and apron cleaning the grate in the Rectory drawing room, of Patty thus garbed receiving her orders from the silent, unapproachable

"I don't know about that," said Patty, and she fixed her eyes doggedly on the cottage, "and I don't care to know. I don't believe anybody does know her. She hasn't a bit of style or manner about her; why, the maids at the Rectory don't mind her more than they'd mind me."

"Well, we won't talk about her," Paul was sorry when he saw tears of vexation in the angry girl's eyes. "I'll tell you what I want, Patty; I want you to sit to me—I mean I want to take your likeness. You'll let me paint it, won't you?"

Patty felt horribly ashamed. Whatever had she been about, letting the gentleman hear her find fault with Miss Nuna, and getting in a passion, and all because she felt jealous that he had only made a pencil scribble of herself, while Miss Nuna was sketched distinctly as she sat on the tree-stump. And, meantime, he had been meaning this—this great, wonderful triumph. Oh, how she wished she had known before she sent off that letter to Miss Coppock.

She looked up at Paul so sweetly, so gratefully, that he could hardly help kissing her.

"Yes, if you like, sir."

CHAPTER VII.

PATTY'S SUNDAY.

"Jane!" the Rector called through his bedroom door to the maid who had just brought his shaving water, "if any letters come for me this morning, bring them up to me here."

"Yes," he went on to himself, "there is sure to be a letter from Elizabeth, and unless she fixes a definite time for coming I shall not tell Nuna I have invited her. Why should there be any discussion about it? Surely I can judge better than Nuna can."

Having said this in the captious manner which some men mistake for firmness, Mr. Beaufort sat down before his looking glass and shaved.

Another tap at the door, and when he opened it he found two letters—one from Miss Matthews, the other for Roger Westropp, under cover to the Rector of Ashton.

Miss Matthews would be delighted to come; but was her dear cousin quite sure that darling Nuna wished for her? "You must remember that she is mistress of your household now, and I cannot go to you unless I am sure of her welcome."

Mr. Beaufort looked fretful as he read, and then folded up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"These women have no consideration, not even Elizabeth! Why give me the trouble of writing twice? However, I'll soon let her know who is master at the Rectory."

The feeling that he was plotting against her made his manner to Nuna much more fatherly than usual. She was in one of her excited, sprightly moods. Mr. Whitmore had promised to come in after church and spend the rest of the day with them, and Nuna had never in her life seen anyone like Mr. Whitmore.

He had scarcely spoken to her, but then Nuna did not thirst for admiration. The only man she knew intimately, Will Bright, always showed her that he was thinking of her, and she would have liked him better if he had occasionally treated her to a little neglect. Nuna had never loved anyone yet, but she had shaped out in her dreams a creature she idolized—a creature too high and noble for poor weak, human nature to attain to, but still a creature in whom Nuna believed as implicitly as she believed in heaven.

All day Saturday she had been in what the cook irreverently termed "one of Miss Nuna's moons." She could not have told what she was thinking of, unless it was Mr. Whitmore.

This morning she had waked with the glad anticipation of coming joy. She tried hard to collect her thoughts in church, and luckily for her she did not see Paul; he sat some way behind her, far more intent on looking at Patty than at his Prayer-book.

"I tell you what it is Dennis,"—Mrs. Fagg always took her husband's arm and leaned on it as they walked home from church,—"*girls* such as Patty Westropp don't ought to go to church—that they oughtn't; they're a snare to young men's eyes."

"Well, my dear, but Patty can't help being so very pretty," and then Mr. Fagg looked half-sheepish.

"Now don't be a fool, Dennis, if you can help it, putting me out on a Sunday of all days in the week. If you'd got sense in your eyes instead of folly, you'd have seen something in Patty's face this morning besides the good looks you're so in love with."

Patty lingered in church. She had felt proud and happy that Mr. Whitmore did not sit on the Rectory bench, and she had likewise been aware that during the service his looks had been constantly traveling towards her; but the service was over now, and yet he made no movement to leave his seat. Patty waited till almost every one had gone out, and then she had to follow the rest. She stood waiting among the daisy-covered graves, as if she were reading some of the quaint headstones. "Why don't he come, I wonder? He don't know Miss Beaufort. Why need he wait till she comes out? I know that's what he's waiting for." She stamped her foot angrily, heedless that she stamped it on an old blackened stone, blistered with orange-colored spots.

She looked towards the porch again.

Miss Nuna was coming out, and Mr. Whitmore was following her; and, yes, they were shaking hands.

Patty stood as still as one of the old headstones, and she felt mad with jealous vexation when she saw Miss Nuna taking the path that led through the churchyard to the Rectory gate, and Mr. Whitmore walking side by side with her, seemingly without invitation.

He never so much as looked round at Patty.

"It's too bad—a deal too bad; and to see him yesterday while he was painting my picture, he looked as if he never could care for anybody but me." Poor Patty sobbed freely as soon as she was safe out of the throng of neighbors and in the lane, and the large hot tears blistered her fresh white ribbons. "I did not want him to speak to me before people, but he needn't go off with her. And is he going to be just the same to Miss Nuna as he was to me yesterday? Oh, I do hate her, I do!" said Patty, vehemently; "and she's not pretty. I don't care what folks say, I can't see no prettiness; she's as pale and as thin as a lily, no shape nor color in her."

Patty's nature was worldly; and no one had ever tried to teach her that she must not live entirely for herself. But as she came home from church on this Sunday, with all the heart she had she loved Paul Whitmore better than she had ever loved anything or anybody, and she longed to have him beside her, chiefly because she did love him.

She threw the nicely-trimmed bonnet on her bed when she reached home, forgetful of the tender care she usually bestowed on it. She sat down before her tiny looking-glass. Her hair was ruffled, her eyes looked red and fretful, her face was tear-stained, her mouth, even, drooped in limp misery.

"If I looked like that in church," she sobbed,—"no wonder he went home with her. Oh! why can't I have a grey silk gown and a black lace shawl as well as she? We'd see who'd do the most credit to their clothes then! But I didn't think it of him; just because he was walking and talking with that miss, I didn't think he'd be too proud to speak to me. But it's not pride, it's meanness. Ah, and he'll forget all about me! He'll get fond of her today, and then tomorrow she'll plan to have him there again. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? Like will take to like; I'm prettiest, but then she's a lady."

But this last thought had consolation in it. Patty drew her hands from her face and set about smoothing her rich hair into its usual wavy gloss. Mr. Whitmore had seen Miss Nuna in the lane, and he had not seemed much impressed by her; he had been much more taken with herself. By the time Patty had washed away her tears, and settled her collar and brooch to her satisfaction, she decided that after all he could not help it, and it was just possible that he had avoided her on purpose, so as not to draw notice on her.

"It would never have done for him to speak before that sharp-eyed, bitter-tongued landlady," she said. "But I will have it out with him all the same when he comes; I'm not going to be made much of one day and snubbed the next without good reason."

And so that Sunday went on, the most sorrowful that Patty had ever known, and yet the first in which she had found such happiness—for it was such happiness to think over yesterday. Would he come tomorrow?

Something whispered that he would; and so, thinking over what would happen in his next visit, Patty sat, her head resting on her hand, while the light faded out of the glowing sunset.

It was happiness to have her thoughts so filled that the petty vexations of her daily life had lost power to annoy her. When Roger was at home she hated the darkness he insisted on, candles being, as he urged, too dear to be wasted on her crochet and finery; but even if the light had been dimmer than it was now, Patty would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE RECTORY.

Paul had not seen Patty as he passed her half hidden behind a gravestone; and even if he had, it is possible that he would not have noticed her. He wanted to see a good deal more of the pretty little thing, and he certainly did not mean to make her a subject for village gossip.

He had eyes to discover that Miss Beaufort was far prettier than he had thought her on Friday. He was not influenced, as Patty had feared, by Nuna's superiority of dress. Her eyes chiefly had attracted him: as she sat opposite at dinner he found himself looking at them, wondering at their depth and variety of expression. Nuna was timid, and rather more silent than usual; but when Mr. Beaufort began to question his visitor about Italy, she listened with such enthusiastic interest that Paul warmed towards her. Mr. Beaufort left them together before afternoon service, and then, little by little, Paul drew her on from Italy to talk of pictures and of art, and learned that she herself had an earnest love of painting, and gave up all the time she could find to its exercise.

Still Patty need not have feared, though she would have seen that the deep glow on Nuna's transparent skin was very beautifying, and that her eyes looked into Paul's with a wealth of expression of which she was utterly unconscious. But Nuna was quite aware that Mr. Whitmore took a very ordinary interest in her and that probably he would not have talked to her at all if she had not cared so much for the things he cared for.

In one way her cousin Elizabeth had been a true friend to Nuna; she had so magnified her failings, and depreciated her gifts, that the girl had a very mean opinion of her own attractions; and it never once occurred to her that Paul could admire her. Truly she was too deeply absorbed in him to remember her own identity.

They had tea in the garden; Nuna sat under a grand old plane-tree, the light flicking her hair here and there with gold, as it crept down through the broad leafy canopy.

The cups and saucers were rarities, old Vienna porcelain. Mr. Beaufort had whispered to Nuna to produce them, after the dinner talk had shown him that his guest would appreciate them; but when Paul admired them, you would have thought, from the Rector's manner, that he was used to drink tea out of these treasures every Sunday. If Paul could have kept his thoughts from straying to the cottage, the evening would have delighted him. Mr. Beaufort was a good listener so long as he was well amused, and the glow in Nuna's eyes led the artist on from one description to another, till he was surprised at his own eloquence.

He looked at Nuna; she was bending forward to take a teacup from her father, and a remembrance struck him.

He drew out his sketch-book, and showed her the little drawing he had made in Wood Lane.

"You were just like it a minute ago," he said.

Mr. Beaufort looked at it attentively, and then a sudden remembrance came to him also.

"Had you been sketching again, when I met you?" He looked hard at Paul. "Sketching Martha Westropp?"

Paul did not flinch under the Rector's scrutiny; he grew a shade paler. He was very angry, he could not have said why; but it seemed to him that Nuna need not be made acquainted with his intimacy with Patty.

"I sketched the little cottage there," he said, carelessly. He turned over the leaves and showed the porch to Mr. Beaufort.

Nuna worshipped beauty. "Patty deserves to be put in more distinctly; she would make a beautiful picture, I think."

There was a little silence, and then Paul felt that he must say something.

"Yes, she is very pretty. I expect some artist or other has painted her before now."

"She is what I could fancy a Perdita might be," Nuna went on, growing excited with her own enthusiasm. "She is too short for a Dorothea, or else she has just that fair, fresh, healthy beauty, and yet her skin is more delicate and velvet-like than any I ever saw. I wish I could dress Patty like a lady for once, and see how lovely she would look."

"And most likely you would be disappointed," Her father spoke sharply, and Nuna drew into her shell in a fright. What had she done? "Peasant beauty," continued the Rector, oracularly, "owes much to its surroundings: in the garb of a higher class, its uncouth ways and awkwardness show out as they never would have shown in cotton gowns."

Paul longed to give the Rector a good shaking. He rose up to say good-bye presently, and he held Nuna's hand in a long, warm clasp. He could have thanked her with all his heart for her generous praise of Patty's beauty.

Even while he hurried down Wood Lane, impatient to see the face that so enthralled him, his mind went back to Nuna; and he felt that if he were free, there would be interest in getting her to lay aside her reserve, in developing the enthusiastic nature which had hinted its presence today, as the glowing cracks in the black ridge betray a volcano. But this was purely a mental idea. The day's separation had so fostered his passion for Patty, that it had been hard for him to return to the Rectory after afternoon service; only a slight fear of arousing the Rector's suspicions had induced him to do it.

After morning church, and that sweet vision of Patty in her bonnet, he had gravely asked himself what he was doing, and how he meant this idyl to end? But then came the meeting with Nuna, and there had been no further opportunity for self-communing.

Now, as he hurried along in his mad impatience—an impatience quickened by Nuna's praise—a sense of wrong-doing hung over him, but did not check his progress. As he drew nearer and nearer the cottage, thought grew confused; a tumultuous, throbbing joy left no room for aught beside its own presence.

CHAPTER IX.

AN INTERRUPTION.

Paul went in behind the scarlet-runner vines; he wanted to take Patty by surprise, so he stepped over the gate that its click might not give her warning.

Light had faded suddenly out of the sky, and by the time he reached the porch the green of the honeysuckle had darkened so that the blossoms showed ghostly on the dusky leaves.

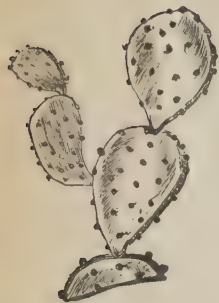
The stillness was deathlike, except for the weird, mysterious murmur by which Nature indicates her function of perpetual growth. As he listened, there came a shriller sound than these indistinct pulse-beats—a cricket chirping out in the silent house.

The charm was broken. He had stood in the porch, spelled by the murmuring stillness; he tapped at the door, and smiled.

(Continued on page 38)

In the Panama Country

By W. Ellsworth



In some Central American States the cochineal is still grown on cactus plants.

changes that the great canal is sure to bring,—and Panama itself has an area of only about 32,000 square miles.

So after inspecting and approving the work on the great ditch, allowing the mosquitoes to sample me generously and forming a healthy dread of yellow jack, I betook myself to the cooler and more picturesque countries where coffee and orange groves flourish and from which indigo and cochineal are still exported, though in much smaller quantities than formerly.

The huts of the natives in Central America are, even in some points touched by civilization, still built of bamboo poles and thatched with leaves from the cocoa-nut tree. Those of the better class are mostly white, with tiled roofs and are very solidly built with thick walls of stone, or brick and plaster, and generally are of only one story, being so constructed as a protection against the earthquakes which are sometimes very severe. There are no blinds or shutters, but the fact that almost every window in the towns is carefully guarded by an iron grating, is somewhat suggestive of the character of the people.

Most of the better-class dwellings are entered by heavy double wooden doors opening from the narrow sidewalk into a paved passage which leads into the "patio," or large court-yard, in the center of the building. These patios are always paved, and, in some few instances, borders of shrubs and flowers are planted around the edges. Facing the court-yard on every side are wide corridors, from which doors open into the various apartments of the dwelling.

Some of the old Spanish families in Guatemala and the lower provinces, although greatly fallen from their high estate since the church party went out of power, are most charming and cultivated people, and we were indebted to them for many civilities. The general character of the people, however, is far from elevated; they are suspicious, revengeful, indolent and fond of power, and, with but few exceptions, unable to grasp intelligently and take a liberal view of any broad questions which do not seem at the first glance to affect their individual interests—characteristics in themselves inimical to permanent peace and prosperity.

The country in the immediate vicinity of Antiqua was at one time largely devoted to the cultivation of cochineal, and there are still several flourishing cactus fields where it flourishes. It has now, however, ceased to be an important article of export, owing to its great depreciation in value in all the markets of the world, other and cheaper dyes being substituted, and many plantations in different parts of the state have been destroyed in order to turn the soil to better account in the production of sugar and coffee.

The cochineal is a small insect, and is cultivated on a species of cactus-plant. The plants are set out in rows in the field, and are generally from three to five feet in height. The young of these insects, as soon as they begin to have life, are placed in great numbers on every leaf of the plants; they soon fasten upon the leaf and feed, never moving until they are carefully brushed off and dried at the proper season; they are then packed in hide seroons or bags and shipped. A few of the insects are saved every year for seed. The crop was formerly very valuable. It has to be carefully collected before the end of the dry season; as there is always the risk of its being destroyed by an early rain.

I was much interested in the Indians of the country. They have worn narrow paths all through the mountains, some of which are frightfully steep. We met hundreds of these natives in parties of from ten to twenty, always walking in single file and with a steady, rapid gait. They are generally of medium stature and very

tough, having great strength in their necks, backs and legs. In their arms, which they exercise very little, they are comparatively weak.

They carry very heavy burdens on their backs for long distances, often as much as one hundred and fifty pounds. The women also carry lighter burdens on their backs, but more frequently upon the head, and when traveling they always carry their young children strapped to their backs.

The Indians who are in the habit of visiting the coast or interior towns can, many of them, speak a little Spanish; their own dialects vary greatly in different parts of the country. They are indolent and very superstitious, but generally docile and polite, and they always stop in the road to let a traveler pass and salute him, hat in hand, with an "A Dios, Señor!"

The coffee culture of the region interested me greatly and the growing crop is certainly very beautiful. The trees at maturity are from five to eight feet high; they are well shaped and bushy, with dark, glossy foliage, and usually grow five to eight feet apart.

The flowers are in clusters at the root of the leaves, and are small, but pure white and very fragrant. The fruit has a rich color, and resembles a small cherry or large cranberry; it grows in clusters, close to the branches, and when it becomes a deep red is ripe and ready to be gathered.

The trees are raised from seed, and do not begin to yield until the third year. In Central America they bear well for twelve or fifteen years, although, in exceptional cases, trees twenty years old will yield an abundance of fruit. The tree is particularly beautiful

plains. The population is estimated at about 4,000,000, of which some 150,000 are uncivilized Indians. Panama has an area of about 32,000 square miles and a population of about 225,000. The city of Panama at the Pacific end of the Panama railroad has a population of about 3,777. Colon at the Atlantic end is a place of less than 5,000. The length of the railroad is forty-five miles.

Panama itself is freer from volcanoes and earthquake shocks than the country surrounding it. When I returned to the "great diggings" it was with the conviction that all unscientific and unprogressive minds will find in the beautiful country of the states above it much more to interest them than in the region directly surrounding the Isthmus. For many nights of the return journey I dreamed of orange groves, coffee plantations and tropical forests gay with the flowers of orchids and trailing vines.

The Growing of Pampas Plumes

By J. W. W.

Readers of Vick's Magazine who admire the ornamental grasses would be very enthusiastic over the fields devoted to their culture in some portions of California and Central America. In rich valleys near Santa Barbara there are fields where the pampas grass is grown in noble rows ten to sixteen feet apart, with sometimes five thousand or more clumps or "hills" to the field.

Above the giant tufts of reed-like grass thousands of towering, silvery plumes are airily ruffled and massed together by every passing breeze. Some of the stems that carry them are from eighteen to twenty feet high.

Although the pampas grass is easily grown from seed the stock is usually multiplied by dividing the female plants, the plumes of which are much finer than those of the male plants. The ground is plowed deep and thoroughly cultivated before they are set out. The second year after planting there will be a crop of plumes numbering all the way from seventy-five to one hundred fifty to a hill. After the third year there will be fewer plumes but they will be larger and handsomer.

From an acre of pampas grass 10,000 great silvery plumes are sometimes cut, the harvest beginning in September before the seed begins to mature. If the gathering is delayed they ripen into a thistle down and fall with every movement of the plumes, which average from two and one-half to three feet in length and are spread upon the ground to dry, after the green sheath which envelopes them has been stripped away. After exposure to the sun the female plumes become light and fluffy, but the male panicles hang their seeds in heavy heads, like oats.

After some days of drying in the sun and in packing sheds the plumes are graded into bales of two or three thousand and packed smoothly into boxes. When they reach their destination it is only necessary to shake them gently over a stove or in the sun to have them regain their original beauty. England and Germany send large orders for pampas plumes to these farms. The price, however, is no longer \$200 a thousand as when the farms were first established. Thirty to forty dollars a thousand is now considered a good price for them.

Those who grow ornamental grasses in their gardens will find that they thrive best in a deep rich soil, and are particularly effective in solid lines or masses. The pampas grass is not so hardy as some other sorts, and north of Washington should receive good protection in winter.

Profits in Trees

The idea that because trees do not grow and ripen as fast as other crops, forestry in the woodlot will benefit future generations, only, is all a mistake, says *Farming* for March. Most forest trees reach commercial size well within an ordinary lifetime, many in a much shorter period.

Did it ever occur to you that this country offers today few investments which equal in safety and in net returns the thrifty-growing tree of a commercially valuable kind? Don't fall into the way of thinking that the only interest which a tree yields is its annual growth. That in itself shows a fair return. But your trees are not only increasing in size; they are also increasing rapidly in value.

A few days' work in the woodlot each year will yield more money for the same effort than any other work on the farm.



The Terminal of the Panama Railroad in Colon

when in full bloom or when laden with ripe fruit.

The old way of preparing coffee for market, still used on some plantations, is as follows: The ripe berries when picked are at first put through a machine called the "despulpador," which removes the pulp; the coffee-grains, of which there are two in each berry, are still covered with a sort of glutinous substance which adheres to the bean; they are now spread out on large "patios," made specially for this purpose, and left there, being occasionally tossed about and turned over with wooden shovels until they are perfectly dry. They are then gathered up and put into the "retrilla," a circular trough in which a heavy wooden wheel, shod with steel, is made to revolve, so as to thoroughly break the husk without crushing the bean.

The chaff is separated from the grain by means of a fanning-mill, and the coffee is now thoroughly dry and clean. After this, it is the custom of some planters to have it spread out on long tables and carefully picked over by the Indian women and children, all the bad beans being thrown out. It only remains then to have it put into bags, weighed and marked, before it is ready for shipment to the port. On the larger plantations this process is now greatly simplified, with considerable saving in time and labor, by the use of improved machinery for drying and cleaning the coffee.

In San Salvador indigo was once the chief staple, but lately it has declined greatly in prices. Coffee, sugar and tobacco are also produced, and here and there are mines of coal, iron, gold and silver. Its capital has suffered greatly from earthquakes, which left me many fascinating ruins to explore.

Columbia, of which Panama was, until recently the richest province, was discovered by the Spaniards in 1499. Its western portion is very mountainous and its eastern part is made up of fertile and magnificent

May in the Fields and Woodlands

Spring Studies for Sharp Eyes

Birds and Their Nests

By A. Bird Lover

In the trees of orchards and woodlands, in the grass of meadows, even in the fissures of banks and rocks, there are new homes being made this month and many happy couples going to house-keeping. The sharp eyes of boy and girl readers will surely spy them. There is no danger that they will not take sufficient interest in this particular branch of nature study. But more and more boys are learning every year to respect the rights of birds, to feel for them a sort of respectful comradeship,—that is, the right kinds of boys. The cruel mania for egg-collecting is passing and I see boys stand at a respectful distance while they watch a bird deftly weaving hair or straw or leaves into its nests. One little boy I know pulls down a bough that holds a favorite bird's nest in the spires *only once in every two days* that he may study and count the eggs! He is very careful that his breath or hands should not touch it, lest the birds should take fright and leave their home.

With boys and girls like this it is a pleasure to tramp through the woods and fields on a May morning. The blue-birds chose their nests long ago, and now are carrying food into the round openings in decayed tree trunks and branches. The blue-jay, robin, ruffled grouse and purple grackle are either brooding their eggs or feeding their young, but Bob White and Bob-o-link still search for nesting-sites in open fields and meadows. The song and swamp-sparrows explore with their sharp eyes the wayside thickets and swamp tangles; brown and hermit thrushes choose the deep still woods; catbirds the low shrubs of the yard and sunny bank; phoebe-birds plaster their houses under old bridges and banks; wrens tuck their carelessly built structures in any porch or shed nook that seems likely to be unmolested. I remember one spring when a wren built its nest in an old hammock swung up out of the way on my house wall.

For the baby birds that are hatched with a down covering and are soon able to run about, the bird home is built carelessly; a few straws and leaves carelessly patched together suffice for youngsters of the quail, duck, snipe and partridge families.

But there are masons, tailors, carpenters, weavers and other professions among the birds, and some of their homes for helpless babies, are contrived cunningly and carefully lined. Think what it means to fashion and fasten a baby's cradle so strongly to twigs that rough winds may not dislodge it, or shake out the small tenant, or bruise its frail, featherless body against the sides!

Among the most skilful of the weavers is the Baltimore oriole. In the depths of this carefully woven, basket-like nest the tiny orioles may twitter and feed and feather quite securely through the roughest of spring days.

The robin is a mason. His nest is a rough structure of clay daubed upon crooked twigs, with straw and strings mixed in among the work. What fun to see him carry away the threads you lay on the grass for him! Evidently he prefers the white ones; the blue remain untouched.

The partridge loves to make its nest in wheat fields and in strawberry beds. Along ditch banks, when you stoop to pick wild strawberries there is frequently a whirr of wings and some harsh cries by which the mother partridge tries to attract you away from her nest. The berries, too, you sometimes find in little heaps, where she has gathered them. Some queer companions that I once found in a nest in the meadow were two hen's eggs. The crows

or foxes robbed it next day, so I could only guess how the experiment of co-operative bird house-keeping might have ended.

Birds Nests in Strange Places

By A. V. Meersch

THE different methods adopted by birds in order to avoid the destruction of their eggs, is a subject of much interest to all. The chaffinch, whose nest is one of the most beautiful of bird homes, frequently builds in apple trees, closely imitating their lichen-clad branches by weaving into the nest mosses of a similar color. The peewit, laying her eggs in the open fields with the merest apology for a nest, selects a spot where loose stones or other substances of a like shade to the eggs are scattered about; other birds adopt similar devices. But some of our feathered neighbors seem to throw themselves on the protection of man during the nesting season, and the places selected are most curious.

The robin, one of the tamest of birds, often chooses nesting places that offer little chance of a successful result. Some years ago robins built their nests in the lectern of a church. They entered

through a small aperture in the carving. The lectern stood close to the organ, the lessons were read from it and it was moved every week in clean in the church. Yet, the eggs hatched and the brood was successfully reared.

A very charming nesting place taken possession of by a pair of robins was an old hob nailed in a shady lane. The outside of the boot, was covered with bright green moss and violets were blooming in the opening. The boot was found and removed, and not until it had been placed in a private garden near by was the discovery made that it also contained a robin's nest of five eggs.

The pretty little blue-bit is much addicted to strange nesting places. A favorite practice of this bird, is to make use of a letter box for the purpose. One instance of this kind occurred at Bye, Westchester County, N.Y., where, not withstanding the constant insertion of letters, the bits insisted on completing their nest, dragging the materials through the narrow opening and ultimately depositing seven eggs in the nest at the bottom of the letter box. In an old pleasure garden, a bird of the same sort made its nest in the back of the head of a plaster figure on the lawn. A piece of the head had been broken off and the bird was plainly visible to numerous visitors frequenting the garden. Still another of these spry little birds built its nest and hatched its family of twelve in an inverted seed pan on a bee hive.

A very extraordinary nest was that of a crow, which, as the story runs, had stolen a number of spectacle frames from an optician in Bombay. The bird came through an open window and carried away gold, silver and steel frames, with which it made a most ingenious and glittering nest. When discovered, it was found to contain eighty-four spectacle frames. The value of the nest being two hundred and forty dollars.

Spring Wood Flowers

AS if they knew how many of them would be needed for May Day and Memorial Day, the wild flowers open plentifully this month. Every little stream that runs through wood and meadow has banks embroidered with them. A brook is a pleasant companion and a sort of guide in flower-hunting. It chatters and sparkles merrily all the way, coaxing to its banks for rest and refreshment the shyest and rarest wild things of field and forest.

Many of the April wild flowers are still blooming on north hill-sides. Among these are the blood root, some anemones and a number of the violets. In a country so wide as ours and so varied in character and climate the botanists and wild flower books cannot be taken quite seriously always as to the blooming time

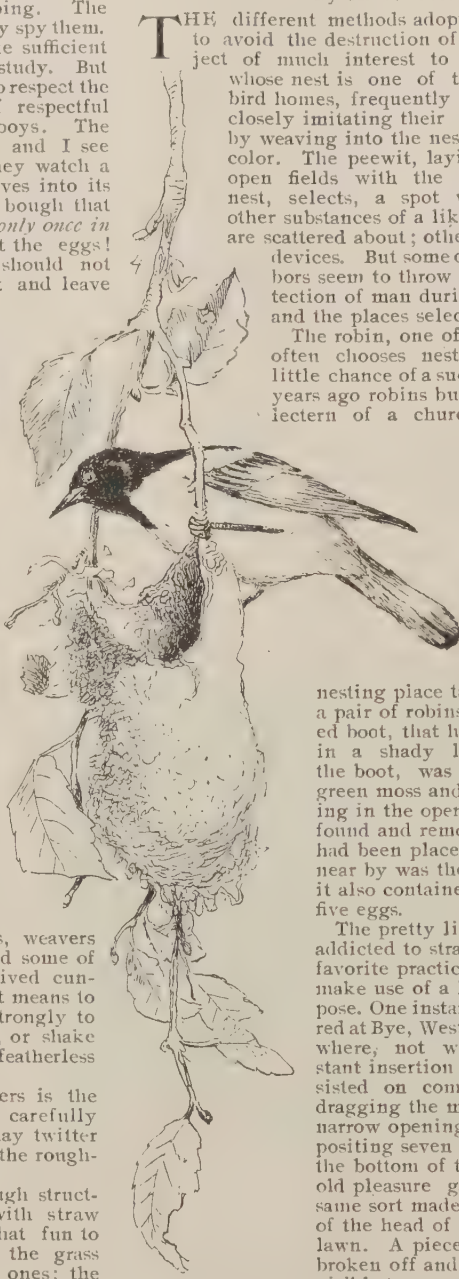
of flowers, unless their authors, like Asa Gray, give a two or three months' limit in many cases.

The violets give us charming flowers to study from earliest spring until mid-summer. The fairest of them all is a dainty, sweet, white flower, faintly penciled with white or purple. You may pick it sometimes in the edge of melting snow banks. It would seem much more in keeping for May or June, yet in these summer months we have the more robust tall and branching sorts, fairest of which is the Canadilla violet, with its profusion of whitish flowers, tinged a soft lilac within and faintly odorous, something unusual among our native sorts.

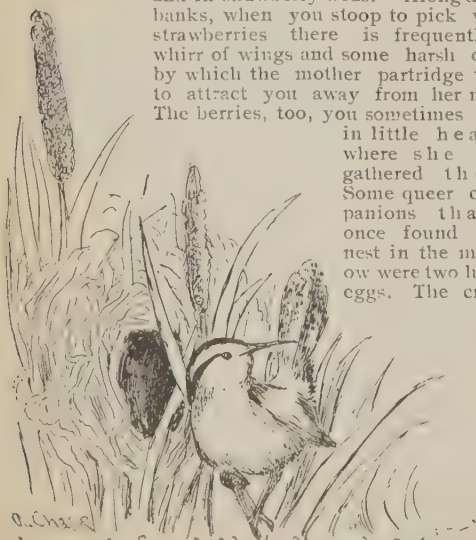
Naturally in the month of May people look for the "may flower," the "may apple" and similar plants that would popularly be supposed to bloom at this time; but the may flower, or arbutus, is really an April treasure, that rarely lasts until May; the may apple or podophyllum, has now only an unattractive ripening fruit in place of the large white flower that nodded under its green umbrella in April. But soon the fields everywhere will all be a-glitter with flowers of "white weed," and "may weed," variously and interchangeably called daisies and dog fennel in different sections! The name of mayweed really belongs to the anthemism, with smaller flowers than the white weed, and fennel like, finely divided leaves. The white weed, or white daisy, has larger, bolder flowers, one to a stem, and leaves that show its relationship to the chrysanthemum. Beginning to bloom in May it keeps our fields beautiful even through July, to the delight of the naturalist and the disgust of the farmer. A prettier sight than a field of pink clover, sprinkled through with white daisy stars can hardly be imagined.

Following the brook from meadow to woodland we soon find ourselves gathering the ferns, fairest and filmiest of which are the tall Dicksonias now uncurling everywhere. Transplanted to a shaded corner of the yard, a few roots carefully handled and watered, would soon make a fine, filmy clump of foliage.

But somewhere, now, along this stream, perhaps, the lady's slippers are in blossom, white and pink and yellow. The yellow is the commonest; the others are growing so rare that you are lucky if you find them. They love high places in deep, rocky woods, and beds of decaying moss, leaves or wood. If all who are fortunate enough to find these flowers would merely "admire them and leave them on their stems," or pick only the flowers instead of up-rooting the plants, our woodlands would perhaps sometime show the flowers in quantity.



An Oriole's Nest



Nest of Long-billed Marsh Wren



The foam flower, *Liarella cordifolia*



Japanese first-class armored cruiser, "Azuma." Displacement 9,436 tons



Russian first-class armored cruiser, "Rossia." Displacement 12,200 tons

AT THE MAST A SEA STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS

With Illustrations of Battleships in the World's Great Navies

By REV. C. Q. WRIGHT—Chaplain in the United States Navy

CHAPTER III

BALLWEN'S STORY AND COURT MARTIAL

WHILE he was waiting in the ship's brig, I had many talks with Ballwen, who appeared intelligent, though not educated, honest and interesting, but very shy.

He told me he had enlisted as a landsman in the Navy at Erie, Pa., about three years before his arrest, had served on a training cruiser, and then on the battleship, Texas, from which he was transferred to the Naval Hospital at Norfolk.



After spending some three months in the hospital and recovering, he went on ten days' furlough and did not return, but remained away until apprehended by detectives in Hartford, Conn. And, though he seemed to realize, at least in a measure, the seriousness of the crime with which he was charged, he made no effort

to deny it, or to explain his conduct.

DAYS OF CAPTIVITY

He, with others who were here in safe-keeping till their cases could be tried, and such as were undergoing the lighter form of confinement, were in the outside brig, while those who were undergoing solitary confinement, and solitary confinement in irons, were locked in the cells. They all slept on scanty bedding spread on the iron floor, sat on the floor, and had no comforts, but they were supplied with an abundance of plain food.

I could see, from day to day, how the experience was wearing on Ballwen. His face was pale, haggard and sad, his manner listless, and his general appearance more and more disreputable. The book I gave him he did not read, the stationery I offered he declined, and he had but little to say to his companions in distress. Most of the prisoners were affected quite differently, often indulging in such jokes and frolics as the sentry would allow, and engaging in general conversation, reading and letter writing.

One day a negro had a dispute with a Frenchman in the brig over the ownership of an old hat, and while the sentry was at

the far end of the brig they came to blows.

Now, it chanced that the Frenchman, during the time that he was an apprentice in the French navy had learned that kind of boxing with the feet, head and hands which they call *savate*, and he used it in conflict with the negro, who, after the Frenchman had butted him, slapped and slugged him, and kicked him with both feet in various parts of his anatomy, said:

"Nuff! I'm done! It's yo' hat, cause I aint never learned how to fight no *centipede*," at which there was a general shout.

The good cheer and air of contentment usually witnessed among these prisoners were somewhat gruesome to me, knowing, as I did, how serious were the charges against some of them, and how disastrous the penalties they were sure to suffer.

THE TRIAL AND ITS REVELATIONS

After the Department had instructed the commanding officer to deliver up Ballwen to be tried by the general court-martial which had been convened on board by the Secretary of the Navy, and the Judge Advocate had delivered the charges and specifications to him, I asked Ballwen if he had asked for counsel in his trial.

"No sir," he replied, "I told the officer I didn't want anybody to defend me. That would look like a bluff, and it wouldn't do me any good, anyway. No sir; I guess I'll take what comes."

The court-martial met in the port cabin, and was made up of a president, six members and a judge advocate. There were several men besides Ballwen to be tried, but his case was the first one called. He plead guilty to the charge of desertion, and the court found him guilty, and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge from the service.

During the proceedings Ballwen was asked whether his name was properly spelled and replied:

"That name is, yes."

When asked what he meant, he explained that he once had another name, but that was when he was quite young.

"What was the other name," the president of the court asked.

"Clarking," replied the prisoner.

"Where were you born," was again asked him.

"I think I was born in Cincinnati."

"How did it happen that your name was changed, and when?"

"I think I was carried away from Philadelphia when I was a very small boy, probably seven or eight years old."

THE CAUSE OF BALLWEN'S DESERTION

Whatever effect Ballwen's testimony may have had upon the others present at the trial I was electrified by it. Here were blended into one my twin mysteries and I knew that the one boy, the hero of both, claimed all my sympathy.

As the questioning continued it soon came my turn to contribute items in Ballwen's history that were unknown to himself. Still half bewildered with surprise at the turn things had taken, I related the story as far as I had learned it, to the court. For a time Ballwen seemed to fear punishment for false enlistment, under a

(Continued on page 42)



United States Battleship "Mighty State"



Russian Admiral Inspecting Warship

THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB, THE OJIBWA

By Albert Ernest Jenks

With Illustrations by the Author*

CHAPTER THIRD

IN WHICH JI-SHIB BEGINS THE CAREER OF A MEDICINE MAN



back in the direction of the village. The father waited until he thought that the boy was out of sight down the trail, when suddenly he heard the "tang" of a tiny bow-string, an arrow came gliding at him through the bush, and he peeped out to see the little hunter turn away again and run home like a deer. That night after the children were all asleep in the village, Ki-niw walked among the wigwams and told the story over and over again, although he said that he had never seen a child run half so fast.

In the Autumn, after the maize and squashes and beans were all gathered from the gardens and hidden in holes, like large pockets in the ground, and after the Indians had gathered their harvest of wild rice, something unusual happened in the life of Ji-shib—he joined the Grand Medicine Society. This society is one which all Ojibwa boys and Indians, and most of the girls and squaws used to join before the white men came to America. And this is the way Ji-shib became a little Medicine-Man.

One night two old Indians came into the wigwam and sat down and smoked. They were famous Medicine-Men. One of them was as tall and straight as a spear-handle. His hair was black, with scarcely a streak of white in it, and yet he was very old, for long deep creases were in his face. The other man was small and wrinkled, and his hair was almost white, but he was as agile as a squirrel. Ji-shib looked with reverence on these men, for they could do almost everything.

They could make it rain or make the wind blow. They could prepare "good medicine," so that a hunter could shoot as many deer as he wanted, or catch plenty of fish. If they desired, they could prepare "bad medicine" to make a person's mouth crooked; and if anyone was sick, they could cure him. If an Indian fell in love with a young squaw, and wanted to marry her, these old men could make "love medicine," wrapped up in a small piece of buckskin, and if the Indian-lover did with it exactly what the old men told him to do, the young squaw would want to marry him.

They could also talk to the Spirits—both the Good Spirits and the Bad Spirits; and because these Spirits knew them, they told the Medicine-Men what to do and also how to do it.

The little boys and girls never played jokes on Medicine-Men, for these wise old men could see them, though they might be far away in the forest. They could see them, though they were in their wigwams with their eyes shut and fast asleep; and if the little boys and girls were caught at it, the Medicine-Men would make their mouths crooked, or make their fathers and mothers die. So when an old Medicine-Man came into another Indian's wigwam, every one was good to him and listened to what he said.

By and by the tall old Medicine-Man, sitting there in the wigwam, threw a little of his tobacco in the fire, then he took a medicine drum from under his deerskin blanket, and began to drum on it with a stick. Presently he stopped drumming, and told Ji-shib about the drum which he had. "This drum," he said, "was given to us by Manido, the Sacred Spirit. When it is used the Sacred Spirits, who guard over the Medicine Society, listen to what is said to them and do what is asked. If any one is sick and this drum is used by his side, it will help to drive out the Bad Spirits which make the poor man sick. Ji-shib," he said, "after four nights you will join the Medicine Society, and this sacred drum will be used. You will then be a little Medicine-Man, but there will be many more things which you can learn about the Sacred Spirits and their medicines, so when you join the Medicine Society again, as you will in after years, and become a bigger Medicine-Man, this drum must be used again, for the Sacred Spirits will then listen to what you say."

The old Indian stopped talking, and the other old Medicine-Man held up a gourd with kernels of corn inside of it, and rattled it. Soon he stopped rattling, and told Ji-shib how Manido had given them the rattle also. He said that it was even more powerful than the drum to drive away Bad Spirits from a sick man, and that in the Medicine Society the rattle must be used with the drum when songs were sung to the Sacred Spirits.

When the last old Medicine-Man stopped talking, there was an awful silence in the wigwam. Certainly the Sacred Spirits must be there, because it was so breathless and so still. Little Ji-shib felt his heart thumping as though it were trying to get out and run away. He never felt so lonely and homesick in all his life. He began to fear that he and everyone else in the wigwam was dead.

The beaver was just as much impressed as Ji-shib was, and wondered what made him feel so strange in the great

dreadful silence. Of course it must be that the Sacred Spirits were there, and that the Medicine-Men and the father and mother of Ji-shib, and even Ji-shib himself, could see them. How sharp their eyes were, and how acute their ears were, to hear the voice of the Sacred Spirits, when all that he could hear was just a terrible stillness that hurt his ears, and he wished—how he wished—that it would stop.

The fire snapped a burning splinter into the lap of the good squaw, and she brushed it away with her finger-tips. Only then did Ji-shib have courage to look up, and when the beaver saw his eyes he felt all right again. Then the old Medicine-Man drummed and rattled, and the drummer sang a song, to which the drum and rattle beat time, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, sometimes louder, and again almost dying away. He sang to the Sacred Spirits about medicines, and then he sang to Ji-shib what the Sacred Spirits whispered back to him to say. He sang each sentence over and over again until Ji-shib could think of nothing else. This is what he sang:



The medicine wigwam

"Hee, ya, ho, ho, ho-ho, ho!"

I hear the Spirits speaking to us,
I hear the Spirits speaking to us.

The Spirits say there is plenty of medicine
In the Medicine-Wigwam,
The Spirits say there is plenty of medicine
In the Medicine-Wigwam:

Hee, ya, ho-ho, ho-ho, ho, hoo, ho-ho!"

As soon as he finished this song he kept silent, and that strange dreadful stillness filled the wigwam.

After a short time, which seemed a thousand moons to Ji-shib, the Medicine-Men again sang to the Sacred Spirits,* and the drum and rattle sounded. After they had finished singing for that night, and had smoked, the Medicine-Men had something to eat, and then they passed out into the darkness and went home.

That night as Ji-shib lay asleep, a beautiful young Indian seemed to come down through the smoke-hole in the top of the wigwam and look at him and say: "I bring you medicine to make you live. You will find it in a beaver skin." The young Indian then raised the buffalo-skin flap of the door, and went out. Ji-shib awoke, and saw only the skin at the doorway flapping, and above his head a thin gray smoke weaving lazily from the fire and passing out toward bright moon which is the Indian's calendar. He by moons.

Each night those old Medicine-Men came to the wigwam and sang ten of them; night, while Ji-shib slept, the young Indian seemed and tell him that he would find medicine in the beaver skin. Sometimes during those awful silences, between songs, he could hear drums and singing in other wigwams, for others besides himself were going to join the Grand Medicine Society.

On the morning after the fourth night—that great day when Ji-shib was to become a little Medicine-Man—he went out to look at the medicine wigwam, which the Squaws had built the day before. There it was, a long series of small poles stuck in the ground and tied together in the middle. They somewhat resembled the springs of giant rabbit snares. The wigwam was all open to the sky, but the sides near the ground were closed in by tamarack boughs leaned against them. And down the middle of the wigwam, from one end to the other, as far as he could have shot his arrow, were buffalo skins, and moose skins, and deer skins hanging up; and there were moccasins, and leggings and shirts of buckskin, and there were two packs of beaver furs, and skin bags full of wild rice and others of maize. And there were other things, too, hanging up, and they were all given by his father, and other fathers whose children were to join the Society; but if grown-up Squaws and Indians joined, they gave the things themselves. They were all to be given to the old Medicine-Men who had sung those four past nights, and who would help on this greatest of all days. Down through the middle of the wigwam there were four posts set in the ground, and one of them was where Ji-shib was to stand and sit, and where all of the Indians and Squaws would dance around him.

By and by things were ready, and all at once every wigwam in the village seemed to burst open and let out a swarm of people. The Indians had their faces painted. They had eagle feathers in their hair, and buffalo-hoof rattles on their ankles, and all of the Indians and Squaws had animal skins in their hands or tucked under their belts. Some had beaver skins, some fox skins, others skins of hawks, and some few had black and tan skins of baby

bears. Some of the Indians had as many as four of these skins. These were the sacred medicine bags in which was the sacred medicine; Ji-shib was also to have one of them with medicine in it, so that when he got sick he would not die.

After they had marched into the long medicine wigwam, at the door toward the rising sun, they marched around and around inside, and then sat down. Every one smoked, and ate wild rice in dog soup, and the old Medicine-Men spoke. They told the other Indians, who were listening, always to live quietly, never to steal from their friends, never to misuse their friends, never to lie to their friends, and never to kill their friends, but always to do right, and then they would live long, even so that they would walk with two sticks, and the snows would whiten their hair, and if they did all of this, other people would respect them.

CONTINUED IN JUNE.

*Before they learned the White Man's faith, all Indians were nearly alike in belief; they all believed in animal gods, and they all believed that the ancient animals were larger and stronger than those now living. Some of the Red Men believed that the world was created by a Great Ancient Muskrat; and if asked why, they would say, "Even the little muskrat of today adds to the world by building his house of mud and grass." Others believed that the Great Ancient Beaver was the world-maker; for does not his little grandson build dams and make great meadows? So the Red Men held the animals sacred; when they killed one they made a sacrifice to its kind; and they imputed to all the animals, and to all things that reminded them of animals, all sorts of mysterious powers. Among some tribes even now, each person, and especially each warrior, is supposed to have his particular animal tutelary or guardian, which he calls his Totem; he believes that this animal god aids him, and protects him in all his comings and goings; he wears or carries a symbol of this mysterious guardian as a fetish; and he may even take the name by which the animal is known in his language.

It was partly because of their worship of animals, partly because of their simple modes of living, that the Red Men stood so close to nature. Their eyes were trained to see the animals of woodland and prairie, their ears were trained to catch the sounds of the forest, and their minds were trained to dwell on those natural sights and sounds; and when they spoke it was usually on these simple subjects.



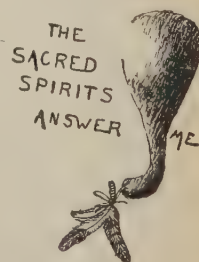
Ki-niw



Pine Tree



Medicine drum



Medicine rattle

* Copyright by Atkinson, Mentzer & Co.

Members of the Ojibwa tribe of Indians are today most commonly called "Chippewa." The old men of the tribe will tell you, however, that the word Chippewa is a corruption of their true tribal name "Ojibwa." Through the efforts of scientists this latter term is gradually coming in use again. Ojibwa Indians would not understand you, if you pronounced "Ji-shib" as it is spelled, for they pronounce it "She-sheeb'."

The City Children's Country Week

By MARY J. PAXSON—Secretary of the Philadelphia Country Week Association



THE SUMMER heat which brings new beauties and blossoms to country lanes has a sterner meaning for the city children. It saps their strength, blanches their poor little faces to snowdrop whiteness and sends them gasping into the small parks and open squares where they spend even as much of the night as they are allowed to do.

Among seven hundred boys, recently examined in an East Side school in New York, only three could raise themselves up by their arms on a horizontal bar until their chins were on a level with their hands. Many of the children in the schools in the poorer parts of the city do not know how to play. They have to be taught the simplest games, like tag and hop-scotch. The pathos of a childhood without play has begun to appeal to public spirited persons in the city and they are asking the government to provide more playgrounds in the crowded quarters. There are other friends already busy in opening for these children the great, green playground of the country for at least a few weeks during the hot months of July and August.

The name of the Children's Country Week Association has become almost a household word in Philadelphia. As soon as warm days come, the kind-hearted public send in their checks and contributions; there are no collectors for this work; we have a Treasurer, who receives the money and pays all bills. Early in September the money is spent, and the work for the summer is ended. The public, who have the utmost confidence in the Board of Managers, give their money liberally without solicitation. A statement of funds appears in the daily papers, and whenever the treasury runs low during the last of August, an appeal is made through the press. This work is truly a labor of love; the people give their money, and the officers and directors give their time and talents for the good of the children of the poor during the scorching hot weeks of July and August.

These hot days must be, for the harvests must ripen, but we have no harvest to reap in great cities—back in little courts and alleys the foul air is stifling, reeking, and the only harvest we find there is the harvest of death among the weak and the little children. It must be the thought of this that sets the sympathetic heart of the people throbbing, for then the dollars come flowing in.

Although the Association begins active work even so early as April, it is not possible to secure invitations to the country for half the children who beg to go, and the Association does not like to send them far away from Philadelphia. So now it depends on securing board for them at low rates in the farm homes of Chester county.

This work was begun by a noble-hearted woman, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, of the New Century Guild, and is still managed entirely by women. Each year has brought its experiences and improvements upon former methods, until the system used is well-nigh perfect. The Board of Managers consists of four officers and thirty directors, the latter acting as chairmen of the wards in the city.

Many persons inquire how we find the children. They come in great numbers to have their names registered at the office, 1414 Arch Street; but many of the directors

have been in the work for years, and in going about among the small streets and courts it is easier to find them than to hide from them. All names sent to the directors must be investigated, and no child is sent unless poor, free from disease, cleanly and well-behaved! (For the last two qualifications we often wear blue glasses.)

During the period of eighteen years, since the work has been carried on, we are thankful to say that there has not been an accident in the train work, nor any other of any moment; a charm has hovered about the "Thursdays," for that is the day when the largest parties are sent away, and it is almost without exception a clear day. All the children sent away must be visited by the Ward Chairman, who gives to the child a certificate, which must be signed by a physician, stating the child to be free from any disease.

On Thursday mornings, during July and August, a special train starts from Broad Street Station, at about eight o'clock, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Road, our farthest point out being Tong-

kenamon, thirty-six miles distant. About 350 children go on this train. Early in the morning they arrive at the station, each having a tag fastened on so as to be plainly seen, one side bearing the name and address of the child, and the other the name and address of the entertainer. The children are grouped according to the name of the station, and a gay-colored ribbon is put around their necks, these colors designating certain stations, and the escorts are able to help the children off the train quickly and without mistakes. Each child has a small package of clothing, generally wrapped in newspaper, tied with thin string. As a rule, the children look tidy and wear the best they possess; often shoes and clothing are provided for them.

Besides the children for the "special," about fifty more are sent on the Pennsylvania main line at 7 o'clock, and a smaller party later, so the crowd of eager, excited, anxious girls and boys is an unusually interesting sight. At a signal from the President, all fall into line and march to the train, where they are seated in regular order by the escorts who accompany them for the day. On Fri-

days about sixty children are sent on the Reading Road.

Many children in these parties have never been to the country, expressions of delight are heard on every hand and all are alert on the outward-bound. The farmers meet the children at the stations with teams and give them a ride to the farms.

When the train reaches its destination, those who had been sent out the previous week are taken aboard, and long before Philadelphia is again in sight the train is loaded, not only with brown and tired-out children, but with farm products and fruits, turtles, cats, catnip and "yarbs," wild-flowers and other wonderful "finds." As we go speeding on the whole party, in a flash, will often take up the latest popular song, such as "Sweet Marie," "Annie Rooney," or "After the Ball." The journey ended, the children are taken or directed to their homes. Sick and delicate women, and those overworked or having sick children, are given a week in the green fields, and it often means a new lease of life for them.

Each year several "caretakers" are sent out, who go about among many of the children and help entertain them. Children return with most glowing accounts of their happy week.

As the train was passing between some high rocks near Media one day, one of the boys in the party asked the President if this was where Moses passed through with the Egyptian hosts. She replied that she had never heard so, but he had better ask the conductor. He did so, and was told no, that they had not come to that place yet. A little girl passing the rocks at Lenni said: "Oh, there are the Rocky Mountains."

For a number of years past Mrs. Howard Miller, of Lewisburg, and her committees have invited several hundred children for a visit way up in Pennsylvania, generally to remain two weeks. The best class of children are sent on invitation. We are very desirous of having the invitation work grow, and there may be many who read these lines who may be induced to invite some poor children for a week's visit.

It is hoped that this paper may help to find for the little city waifs many new friends among the green fields this year.



A country barn yard party. There is nothing but fun in the country.



Waiting for a train load of comrades.

Ways of Earning Money

How Some Women Earn More than Pin Money at Home

By Grace B. Faxon



THE MAGAZINES and newspapers for the last few years have exploited many and various ways and methods that women may turn to in order to increase their incomes, and even books have been written upon the subject. After reading them, it would seem that woman had entered every field into which she might rightfully step and there was not left an opening through which she had not passed, but there have come under my observation during the last few years a number of cases of women who materially added to their own or to the family income, by taking up work that in every case was near at hand and to which they individually were suited.

SMOCKING AND KINDRED FADS

A cultivated woman, who lives in one of New England's large cities and who moves in the best society, was desirous of adding to the family income, without the knowledge of her friends. Almost impossible, you may say, but she found a way. She had brought home to her from Paris, as a gift, by one of her friends, a pretty little silk dress for one of her little girls. The dress was one of those smocking affairs which are so fashionable. She examined the work with much interest to see just how it was done. To her delight she found that she could master the work. The idea came to her to apply to the dressmaking department of one of the large, fashionable shops in Boston, to see whether such work was ever given out. She was told that the house had been trying for a long time to find someone who could do smocking satisfactorily, and she was given all the work she could do. In six months she had earned two hundred and fifty dollars and had worked only at odd times. She found, however, that the work strained her eyes and she determined to take a six months' rest during the spring and summer and resume work again in the fall.

UNIQUE PICTURE FRAMES

Of course it is only when smocking is in fashion that this work could be done, but very likely this woman will be able to take up the next new idea in dressmaking.

I know of a young girl living in the country who was very anxious to earn enough money to pay the taxes on her father's farm, and to have a little spending money for herself. She could not be spared from home to go out to work, as her mother was a semi-invalid. One day she was called upon to contribute an article to the village fair and she originated the idea of covering a plain white art frame, such as is sold in the art stores for decorating, with pictures of cats, cut from magazines and books. She made two of these for the fair and they sold for a dollar each. They received such favorable comment that she decided to make more during the winter to be sold to summer visitors.

The first year she made one hundred and sold them all, and last summer she sold two hundred. As these frames may be bought at fifteen cents apiece at wholesale, there is a good profit on them at one dollar apiece, and the year the girl sold two hundred she made enough money to pay the farm taxes and a little over for her own personal use.

She has used dog pictures instead of those of cats on some frames, as they were called for. The frames may hold portraits, but of course, the photograph of one's favorite cat or dog is far more appropriate.

PROFITABLE COOKERY

Two domestic experiences that I have lately heard about, one of which is not uncommon, are the making of cake for sale, and the cooking of meat. In the first instance, that of cake making, the work was done by a woman and her daughter. The head of the family was broken down in health and could earn only a very little for their support. The two women went into this business upon a large scale, and most systematically.

They arose every morning at four o'clock and from four to eight o'clock made something like thirty loaves of cake, some plain and simple, others elaborate. The local express carried them to the next city where they were sold at the Woman's Exchange. They told me that they averaged about six hundred dollars a year.

In the other instance, the woman went into the business in a very small way. She cooked ham by the most approved culinary method of preparation, decorating it with cracker crumbs and cloves, and also pre-

pared a sort of spiced meat which she sold by the pound. Then she introduced corned lamb, which is prepared like corned beef, but which is a much more delicate viand. She sold the ham and corned lamb at about five cents more the pound than one would pay for them in the shop in their raw states and realized from three to five dollars a week.

A MILKMAID'S PROFITS

Outdoor occupations for girls are very much in vogue and there are many women all over the country who are earning a living in some branch of outdoor work, such as flower culture, squab raising, vegetable growing, etc.

In Lawrence, Kansas, Miss Kate Leis has gone into the dairy business. She started with one cow, a pet Jersey that her mother gave her, and sold the surplus milk to the neighbors. The first year she laid by enough to buy a second cow and by the end of the fifth year she had half a dozen cows. She attends to the business entirely herself, doing all the milking, for Jerseys are gentle creatures, and paying great attention to the rations. As Lawrence is the seat of the Kansas State University, she has the students' clubs to cater to, which takes almost all of her milk. She supports herself entirely by her cows and is cultivating her voice with some of the proceeds.

CHINESE MAKING

Two sisters spending the summer on their father's farm in New Hampshire became interested in making cottage cheeses for their own table and finally for the summer trade. Cottage cheeses, as every housewife knows, are very easily made, but they are considered



A pretty milkmaid and her pet Jerseys

a great delicacy by many city people. A small cheese, daintily wrapped in buttered paper, sold for ten cents. They sold twenty cheeses a week all through the summer season, and two pounds of butter a week for which they received twenty-five cents a pound. They had paid five dollars a month for the hire of their cow, so at the end of four months they had a credit of about forty dollars.

VIOLET GROWING

Miss Veazie, of Quincy, Massachusetts, started in violet culture in a very small way, with one or two frames. The original outlay cost five dollars. Now violets are the support of her aged father and herself. She sells most of her violets from her door, but there is a ready market in Boston. Violets require very careful attention and every moment that can be taken from the household duties is devoted to them.

PLANNING ENTERTAINMENTS

A young woman who had a decided talent for planning entertainments in a village, decided to turn her resources to some account. She arranged a simple program of tableaux, short plays, dialogues, etc., and made costumes from cheesecloth and chintz. Then she issued attractive circulars in which she announced that she would take entire charge of entertainments given by any church, society, or Young Men's Christian Association, and provide the costumes in return for one-half the proceeds. The appealing feature of this was that the entertainment required but three

rehearsals. A great many people are barred from going into church entertainments because they cannot afford to give the time for the many and laborious rehearsals.

The entertainments that the young woman planned were effective though simple, and the idea took well. From November to May, the entertainment season, she netted about twenty dollars a week. The program was elastic and included from forty to one hundred and twenty-five people, of all ages. Not every number required a special costume. The twenty-five Grecian cheesecloth dresses that she made were used in several features, and in the children's plays the only additions to the ordinary costumes were some poke-bonnets which she provided. The original outlay for costumes, she told me, was about thirty dollars.

These stories show that there are many remunerative occupations to which a resourceful woman may turn. You know "when a woman wills, she will."

Growing Sweet Herbs for Profit

By Hannah Talcott

It was the thrifty sage plants in my garden that first made me decide to grow herbs for profit, and it was with sage that I made my first success.

Every fall and winter when the farmers about killed their pigs, the wives came to me for sage to season sausage. None of them seemed able to grow sage, although I had often given them plants from the long row in my garden.

They thought me very stingy when I hinted that the stores would pay twenty cents a pound for the dried leaves, but I sold one year's entire cutting to the stores and they had to buy it there at about double the price they were willing to pay me for it.

The mistake most women make in growing herbs is in planting them along walks and fences, where they cannot be cultivated, and in never sowing seed or striking fresh cuttings to renew the rows. They are apt, too, if they are very anxious to succeed, to make the soil too rich.

My sage is grown in rows along the center of my garden in full sun, where I can have it plowed and hoed when the vegetables are cultivated. It forms by the second and third years great bushes two and three feet high. The third year I sow a fresh lot of seed and divide some of the old plants to form new rows. When these are large enough to clip I pull up the old plants and throw them away.

I cut my sage twice in a season only; once in spring, when the young shoots are about three inches long, and again in September just before frost. The leaves are dried carefully in the shade and then packed in pound and half-pound boxes.

Most of the other herbs can be grown just as sage is. A few of them, like peppermint, love moist, sunny places, and these I have growing around a meadow spring.

But in my sunny, hilltop garden grow rosemary, thyme, southernwood, wormwood, hoarhound, balm, lavender, sweet basil, tarragon, spear mint, English pennyroyal, tansy and other less important herbs. Nearly all of them can be cut twice and sometimes three times a year. Next to sage, lavender is most profitable, then the mint, tarragon and tansy. The lavender I put up in fancy ways for sachets. It is harder to grow than some other herbs, until well established, and some time I'll give the method that proved most successful with me.

Most herbs and aromatics draw their nurture directly from clay, sand and chalk. Rich vegetable soils do not seem to suit them as well as fields where little else will grow. In deep, fertile earth the plants grow large and leafy but yield far less volatile oil and are not so fragrant or strong in flavor. A dressing of sand, sifted coal ashes, or spent lime is good for herb beds.

Sage and other herb plants should be set in showery spring weather, in rows fifteen inches apart, thinning them, as they grow to stand about a foot apart.

Herb beds can easily be grown from cuttings before hot, dry weather comes on, if watered and shaded well until the cuttings root.

Pinch out the buds of shorts for straggling growers, to make full, shapely, leafy plants. To have good plants year after year cut only the tender top and side shoots, and cut just before flowering for kitchen use and about ten o'clock when the leaves are dry and full of aroma. Dry the leaves in the shade and keep them in paper bags or close tin boxes. Dealers prepare herbs by grinding them to a powder, saving by this method every fragment usable. For her own use, the housewife will find it better to keep the leaves uncrushed, as they lose strength when powdered.



Summer Floor Coverings

By Josephine Worthington

OLD styles are constantly reviving modified by new ideas of artistic effects. This is true of the once popular rag carpet.

It is much in vogue now for all sorts of rugs, large and small. The chief difference being in the arrangement of colors. An old fashioned bouquet with a flower or two of each kind from the garden, blues and greens, yellow, reds and pinks in close confusion represented the primitive love of color. We have now grown to mass colors of one kind or make a contrast of two that blend in harmony. This same rule applies to the new rag rugs.

Much variety may be obtained by deciding upon the color scheme for each room and planning the rugs to harmonize with paper and furnishings. The floor covering should be the color of the walls intensified, that is a deeper tone of the same color found in the wall paper.

Let us suppose that green is chosen for the living room, the rug may be green and white or light green mixed with black and bordered with stripes of the colors in different widths. The accompanying cut gives several good examples of effective borders.

The same plan may be carried out for another room on the ground floor by using golden brown in two shades.

The "hit or miss" weave is made from all colors joined together indiscriminately. It is always pretty when it has a well defined border. Much depends upon the border contrast in giving character to this variety.

For the bedrooms the lighter colors will come in play. Blue and white woven in the mottled style is perhaps the easiest to color and about the prettiest effect that can be obtained, in fact the manufactured rugs are made to imitate them. In the same way red and white also pink and gray may be combined.

A novel way to color rags for this mottled effect is to cut and sew the rags all white at the outlet, then wind them in a skein over a board perhaps three-fourths of a yard long. At irregular intervals bind strips of cloth and tie as tightly as possible. When the skeins are thrown in the dye the bound places will take very little color.

All kinds of cloth may be utilized for rag carpeting, cotton, wool, silk, even old stockings and underwear, although it does not pay to cut up anything that is worn thin. The straight strips should be cut from one half to three-fourths of an inch wide according to the thickness of the cloth, bias pieces should be a trifle wider in proportion as they stretch and ravel more.

Careful joining of the rags helps to make a smoothly woven carpet. Cut the ends diagonally across, lap one end half an inch over the other and sew together with a few running stitches, then double the strip at the seam and fasten the thread with enough stitches to hold it firmly.

When a carpet shows uneven "bumpy" places it indicates that the sewing has not been properly done. It is well to wind the strips into balls weighing about a pound. It takes an average of one and one-fourth pounds to the square yard.

The best five cord warp should be used to weave the carpeting. There is no economy in trying the inferior grades.

At the end of each breadth, the warp should be woven in for about three inches if the rug is to be hemmed, but if a fringe is desired allow the threads to extend at least five inches from the rag weaving.

Carpets that go to the wall are out of

date and when we become accustomed to the use of rugs that can be cleaned so often and easily, we have no desire to go back to the old way.

Another advantage in these rag rugs is the possibility of washing them. The breadths of the large rugs have to be ripped apart in order to do this; then the modern washing machine makes easy work of it. These make ideal rugs for summer cottage use and often three or four small rugs are used instead of one large one even though the floor is unpainted.

Summer Floor Coverings

By Mabel Luke Priestman

In old Colonial days when hand-made rag carpets were the rule even in our best homes, they were usually made of the household's discarded fabrics of all sorts. The nondescript character of the filling thus provided was the chief fault of these coverings, not from a

delicate combination of rich green and delicate pink and yellow. The housewife who made it saved scraps from her curtains, hangings, sofa pillows, stool and chair covers, quilts, etc., for a long while before she had enough to make it.

Another style for such rugs has a plain strip of cloth as a basis, with a filling thread of another color. This filling thread is not concealed, but appears and disappears through the pattern against the plain ground of colored strips with excellent effect. A drab or brown background with dashes of scarlet through it makes a charming rug. This has been dignified with the name of the "new art rug." Quite as pretty is the rug woven of rag stock with cross stripes of yarn in color.

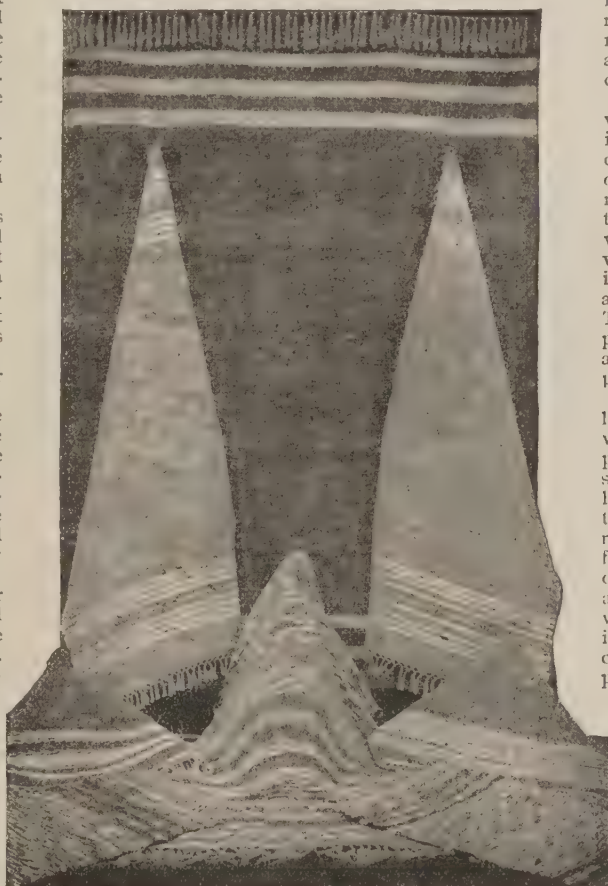
Within the last few years this class of rugs has become quite popular again. The beautiful designs and colors in which they can be purchased or woven make them extremely attractive in country homes.

If matting covers the floor, touches of color can be added here and there by the use of these rugs. For stained or oiled floors nothing could be prettier. They are made in all sizes and all colors.

The Martha Washington hand-woven rugs of the picture have intricate border designs showing crows feet, herring bone and Indian patterns. The other style of rug shown in the engraving is the Priscilla, a much cheaper rug when purchased and easier to weave by hand because it is made in staple shades, without design and with plain striped borders. These rugs are washable and many people buy them in preference to all others for bath rooms and porches.

An experiment tried by an old hand-loom weaver last summer, with an entirely new material proved a great success. We wanted some strips of matting for the halls and porches and she had just taken some of the hand-woven rag rugs I have been describing, from her loom. There was yet quite a roll of chain on the beam and we decided to experiment with the brookside rushes for filling, arguing that their deep green color was beautiful, their surface polished so that dust would not

accumulate, and that the hollow center gave them pliability enough for weaving. These rushes are not jointed at all, and grow in thick clumps of two to three feet high in marshy places. Perhaps, I should call them reeds. They were cut full length, the seeds cut away and left to dry for a day or two, but became so stiff that they had to be dampened a little before weaving.



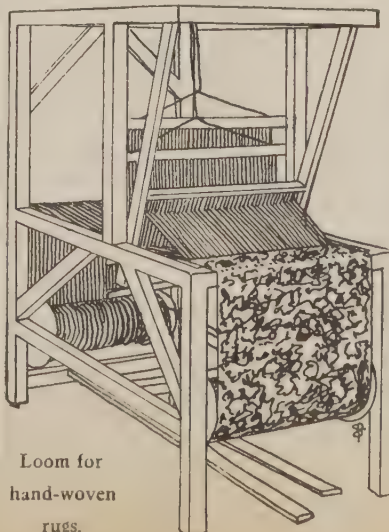
A Group of Martha Washington and Priscilla Rugs

The large rug at the back of the group is a dark green Priscilla with a plain white border. The center rug and the two small rugs in the foreground, show the "hit or miss" weave in the Priscilla. The four remaining rugs are Martha Washingtons, two showing mottled effects, and two plain centers with exquisite borders.

decorative stand-point merely, but because it made them defective in strength and wearing qualities.

A new idea for summer floor coverings in rugs, mats, squares, etc., is to make them of new materials cut or torn into shreds of even width and thickness and then wrapped around a strong filling thread before weaving. This seems like an endless task at first, but two or three bright women who have tried it say that it does not take long to gather and prepare material for a few rugs. When sewing or cutting garments they keep a basket near for the long narrow strips that are useless even in quilt making. Where there is a large family to sew for, a basketful soon accumulates, and in odd moments these scraps are prepared for rugs.

Such carpets can be made in several charming effects. One, called the "cretonne" is shown on the loom at the top. It is made from strips of fine print with cretonne pattern and the finished rug is a



Loom for hand-woven rugs.

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SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER STYLES.

The Vick's Magazine Pattern Service.

Announcement

We have made arrangements with the best and most popular designer of women's and children's modes, Martha Dean, to supply a pattern service to the readers of this magazine. To insure perfect accuracy the gowns are first made up in muslin by the most skilled fitters and afterwards scientifically graded to the different sizes. The most inexperienced seamstress will have no difficulty in making garments by their aid. No allowance should be made for seams as these patterns are all seam-allowing.

A Delightful Morning Gown.

If a dainty material be used, the morning gown is one instance where "simplicity is grace." The gown shown is developed in a pretty flowered dimity, with trimming bands of plain color. These simulate a shallow yoke about the neck and add greatly to its attractiveness. The elbow sleeve is finished with a narrow band and two bias ruffles. The back of the gown is fitted while the front hangs full from the shoulder and is girdled at the waist by a broad crushed ribbon. The design is easily carried out at home and is suitable to any fabric. For the medium size 8 yards of 36-inch material are needed. The pattern, No. 6416, is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6416

A Symphony in Tucks.

For the young girl who has not reached the age of womanhood, the question of fashions is a delicate one. Her frocks must be not too youthful and yet must avoid a suggestion of Mother's gowns. That they must be simple is sure and yet the deficiencies of undeveloped figures should be supplied. The blouse portrayed is of good style and refinement, neither starved nor glutted in design—altogether suited to a youthful wearer. Fine tucks are stitched in deep pointed yoke effect in front and in two groups which give tapering lines to the back. The tucks form and adorn the cuffs, which are completed with a small turn back cuff of embroidery like the collar. The waist is one very simple of construction and suitable to any of the soft silks or washing fabrics of the season. For the medium size three yards of 36-inch goods are necessary. This pattern, No. 4014, is cut in sizes for girls of from 12 to 16 years.



Pattern No. 4014



Patterns Nos. 4798 and 4799

A Pretty Frock for a Girl.

Mistress Fashion does not devote all her time to gowns for the woman of fashion but gives a few golden moments now and then to the girl in her teens. This pretty model for a girl has a full pleated skirt, with plenty of flare about the bottom, and a blouse waist having a sailor collar. A dainty chemisette gives a bright touch next the face which is vastly becoming. The dress is developed in brown serge, with buttons of brown panne velvet adorning the front and others of smaller size defining the seam of the cuff. A soft crush girdle of the velvet gives a pretty finish to the waist. The blouse has two deep tucks at each side of the front which do away with any possible severe effect which sometimes occurs in the sailor blouse. The sleeves are graceful and easy in their full puff and deep tight cuff. This design is one suited to a variety of materials, from serge, challis and Henrietta to linen and madras. It is excellent for school wear with a chemisette of plain cloth adorned with a soutache or a plaid silk braid. There are no possible difficulties in the pattern to annoy the home dressmaker. The medium size calls for 9 yards of 36-inch material. No. 4798 is cut in three sizes, 12 to 16 years. No. 4799 is cut in 3 sizes, 12 to 16 years.



Pattern No. 6467

A Charming Waist Design.

The Fashion Fairy puts a touch of softness upon all of her new creations. It is the day of gentility in gown evolution and every article of apparel must be as fine and exquisite as the human brain can devise. The waist sketched here is one of Dame Fashion's prettiest designs. A rare shade of lavender cashmere develops the body of the blouse, while a dainty embroidered net forms yoke and sleeves and appears as a soft background between the straps of the front. The crushed ribbon encircling the waist and ending in a saucy bow above the center of the corsage, is of a darker shade of panne velvet and matches the girdle. A real old Colonial buckie in dull gold holds the girdle and corsage ribbon in place in back and gives a pleasing finish. The waist is not so difficult to construct as it may appear and will prove very smart and becoming for nice occasions. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2 yards of 36-inch material for the outside and 2½ yards of 27 inch lace. This pattern, No. 6467, is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 bust measure.



Pattern No. 6460

A Becoming Dressing Sack.

Simplicity is a great factor in the designing of beautiful apparel. Some of the most attractive gowns are almost unadorned. Here is sketched a little dressing sack of white swiss, lined with pale blue, while the only decoration consists in the French knots of blue adorning the front facing, cuffs and belt. Four small tucks provide an extra fullness over the bust, the fullness being then drawn down trimly into the belt. A simulated box pleat relieves the back from too much plainness. The design is excellent for home construction, as so little labor is involved in the making. As to materials, lawn, dimity, a soft silk or challis may serve. In the medium size 3¼ yards of 36-inch material are needed. The pattern, No. 6460, is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Pattern Nos. 6477 and 6301.

An Attractive Gown in Linen.

There is often a question in the mind of the home dressmaker as to how that effect of smartness which is seen in the creations of the fashionable modiste may be realized in her own, modest attempts. It is due largely to the old adage—"Practice makes perfect", yet in some instances the home dressmaker may reach that height of style in her gowns because of the designs chosen. One of these is portrayed here. The fashion for hand embroidery was never more intense than at present and it is so dainty and attractive that few will be without some of it on their gowns. The gown shown is simply made and well adapted to development by the home sewer. The body portion of the dress may be of linen or batiste; all-over embroidery may serve for yoke and cuffs, while wide bands of embroidery to match adorn the skirt and waist front. These may be edged with a narrow fulled lace, or be left plain. In the medium size the pattern calls for 7¼ yards of 36-inch goods for the entire gown. Pattern No. 6477 is in sizes of from 32 to 42 bust measure. Pattern No. 6301 is in sizes of from 20 to 30-inches waist measure.



Pattern No. 6483
A Shirt-Waist Slip.

The fashion for wearing a delicate color beneath the lingerie blouse has made necessary the silk or muslin slip. The effect of this is most fetching and every woman and girl should own several. These plain underwaists are not cheap when purchased ready-made, as many a woman has found, and they are very easily made if one will but devote just a little time to them. The pattern shown is excellent because of its simplicity and freedom from all unnecessary fussiness. The pleat which extends over the sleeve at the shoulder to provide extra fullness is practical because it broadens the shoulder line and helps to hold out the blouse beneath. The sleeve may be ended at the elbow if desired. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods. This pattern, No. 6483, runs in sizes of from 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

Pretty Patterns for Little People.

A Unique Apron

The latest edict of Dame Fashion is for a broad shouldered effect in all kinds of frocks and the little maid must have her aprons a la mode as well as her frocks. Here is shown an apron which is all in one piece, having its only seam under the arm. The apron may be open in back as far as the strap, as shown, or slipped on over the head, as the neck opening is quite large enough to go on easily. The broad shoulder lapels are very becoming and modish, lending the little maid a sturdy appearance. The edges of the apron are neatly hemmed. Lawn, dainty or gingham may serve as material. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2 1/4 yards of 46-inch material.

This pattern, No. 4762, is cut in from 4 to 12-year sizes.



Pattern No. 4762



Pattern No. 6437
A Dusting Outfit

No housekeeper can afford to be without a useful apron, cap and sleeves for that time when the house must be swept and dusted and there is no one else to do it. These are invaluable on other occasions when there is work to do which would soil Milady's gown. The models sketched are designed especially for home construction and are very easily made. The apron consists of a narrow square yoke from which the full straight portion depends. The underarm seam is left open for a short distance to allow plenty of room for the sleeve to pass through. The cap is modelled on the quaint Dutch order and very becoming. The sleeves provide for a shirt-string, or elastic, to be run in top and bottom to hold them in place. Gingham, percale and madras are suitable materials.

For the medium size 5 yards of 36-inch material are needed. This pattern, No. 6437, is cut in small, medium and large sizes.



Pattern No. 4675

An Infant's Wardrobe.

No reform has been more sweeping or contributed more to the wearer's comfort than the making of the wee baby's clothes. No longer do we use pins that might prick, buttons that might press upon the little body or smother the baby in yards and yards of embroidery. The one object is to make everything for his babyhood as sanitary and comfortable as possible. The up-to-date mother no longer accepts advice and traditions of mother and grandmother, but sets herself to finding out which is the most approved style of dress. Then it is that she learns that it isn't correct to have things daintily pretty for the new baby just in order to have them daintily pretty. Not that she must lose her liking for fancy, be-ruffled things, but because the new fashions are sensible and best for the baby. The design must be simple, though not severe; clothing must hang from the shoulders and it must be soft and light. In the making, simplicity and daintiness are the attractive features. A hemstitched hem is much prettier than tucks machine stitched, and long slashes and coarse material are not in keeping with the dainty face and figure. A little hand-work and a very little trimming of lace and insertion are charming but superfluous trimming, under the ruthless handling of the average laundress soon becomes a disappointment. Cambric and nainsook are used for dresses and the little Princess skirt opening on the shoulder should be made of silk or flannel. The sack should be made of cashmere or flannel and the coat and cap of silk or cloth. The set comprises five pieces—round yoke dress, one-piece kimono, cloak, cap and Princess skirt. What baby would not be happy upon his arrival to find such a wardrobe all complete, but his happiness would have no comparison to that of the mother who has manufactured the little garments.

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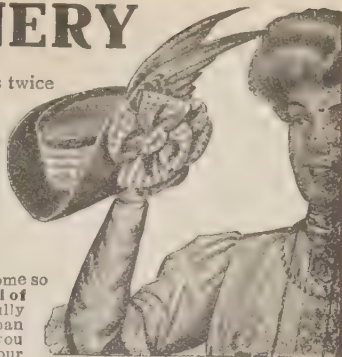
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This hat is a new style hat designed and created by one of our students after she had taken 9 lessons. Bought from the milliner this hat would cost at least \$9. Made by our student it cost her just \$1.80 and a few hours of pleasant time.

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A Simple Russian Dress.

The Russian blouse dress is one of the most popular, because one of the most suitable among the styles for little folks. The accompanying design is capable of several variations. The box-pleat effect in front may be adorned with buttons as shown, with an embroidered emblem or design in contrasting color or left plain. The dress may be made with or without the lining and is fitted by the underarm and shoulder seams. The opening is at the side under the pleat. The skirt is circular and flares prettily at the lower edge. It is a design appropriate to almost any material. A pretty idea would be to use blue linen and have the stitching and buttons of red. The frock, while extremely simple to make, has a certain style that is not found in all of the pleated models. The pattern, No. 4729, requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, and is cut in sizes for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.



Pattern No. 4729

Special Offer

We will mail patterns shown in this issue, to any address for only 10 cents each or three for twenty-five cents. The regular retail prices range from 25 to 40 cents. The patterns are all of the latest New York models and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. With each is given full descriptions and directions—quantity of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

We can also furnish any of the patterns illustrated in the last five issues of Vick's Magazine.

VICK PUBLISHING CO.,

Dept. R,

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This petticoat is made with deep flounce, dust ruffle, beautifully trimmed with three four-inch bias ruffles, perfectly finished and positively no raw seams, has the patent adjustable glove-fitting top which does away with gaping and bunching at back waist line, no sagging in the front and fits perfectly and smoothly over the hips, an exceptional value at only

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Send Us Your Order at once for this Elegant Petticoat.

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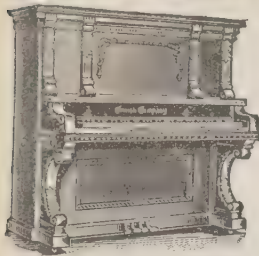
JACKSON - - - MICHIGAN

Our beautiful new Spring and Summer Catalogue for 1906 is free. All the late modes in Dress Skirts, Petticoats, Waists, Corsets and Muslin Underwear are shown in a combination of faultless workmanship, perfect styles, excellent materials and lowest prices.

Write for this Catalogue before you buy elsewhere. Reliable Agents Wanted

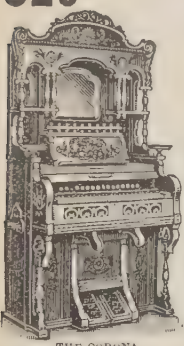
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In answering please mention Vick's Magazine.

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connected with links of ROLLED GOLD wire hang with your initial. Will be given free to any one who will sell 12 Ornamental Spar Hat Pins at 10c each. Send me the money when sold. I TRUST YOU WILL GET THE GOODS and will send at once.

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Sent to any responsible person on 30 days free trial at our expense. Pays for itself at 50 cents a week. The lightest running and most durable Washer on the market. No Other Like It. Washes the finest laces or heaviest blankets with out the slightest injury. Write today for particulars. The Sanitary Washer Co., 19-20th St., Tell City, Ind.

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Monuments are indestructible. Time and the elements do not affect them. White Bronze won both the GOLD and SILVER MEDALS at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. If interested, write at once giving approximate sum you can spend and we will send a variety of

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with prices, etc. No obligations to buy. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

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400 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Home Dressmaking

By Martha Dean

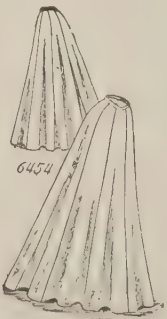
It is in the "merry month of May" that the 'full-blossomed trees fill all the air with fragrance and with joy' and it is also the time when the school girl is looking forward to her graduation day. Though this does not usually come until June, it is not too early to be planning the frock, for the material cannot be bought until mother knows how the dress is to be made and just how much material is needed. Then, too, mother must make it as she can find time, so it cannot be left until too late. The dress must, of course, be white and it must be simple,



Nos. 4691-4692

with a bit of fine lace or embroidery to make it dainty. We often find that the most attractive gowns are those which are simple in design and owe their charm and individuality entirely to their mode of trimming. In girls' dresses this is especially true. They must have little ostentation and the simpler they are kept, the more appropriate to the gloriously youthful. Number 4691 is a pleasing suggestion for this gown, developed in white mull with motifs of Spanish lace adorning the blouse. Fine tucks simulate a yoke on waist and skirt and finish the puff of the sleeve at the elbow. A deep tuck appears near the bottom of the skirt and helps to hold it out in a pretty flare which is especially becoming to the young girl. The sleeves may be made long with a tuck cuff if preferred. A soft louisine ribbon would be prettiest for the girle. This should be about five inches wide and slurred to pieces of featherbone in front and back. These patterns, 4691 and 4692, come in three sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years, the medium size requiring 7 yards of 36 inch goods. Mull, lawn, organdie, swiss, mousseline-de-soie or white India silk might serve for the dress.

With the first really warm day, one realizes that thin frocks will soon be a necessity and the wise woman will not wait for the discomfort of sweltering before providing herself with a thin dress or two. As last year, the shirt-waist suit will be much worn and those in linen, lawn and madras will serve for everyday use. The shirt waist, 6308, is an excellent model for either nice or general wear. The broad tucks extending over the shoulders lend breadth to the shoulders and taper to the waist which every woman wants, whether she be of full or slender figure, while the second tuck at each side of the front gives the broad center-panel effect so fashionable this year. The waist closes under the first tuck at the left of the center front and so does not require fancy buttons or pins. The illustration shows medallions of Mexican lace adorning the front, but some simple hand embroidery might be substituted, or the waist might be unadorned. A waist of this kind might be made of the old summer silk and prove wonderfully cool and fetching, or a cast-away challis may be washed and made up in this way for wearing on drives or on cool days during the summer. The pattern, 6308, comes in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.



No. 6454

The skirt, 6454, is one of the new seven

gored models and might admirably complete the shirt-waist dress, or serve for a separate skirt of mohair, serge, alpaca or even silk. In spite of the fashion for circular skirts the gored skirt is undoubtedly the more practical for thin dresses and for general use. One frequently finds that she has a last year's skirt hanging away which will never be worn as it is, and yet is too good to destroy. It may be that if it were ripped, cleaned and pressed it might be made over on one of these new patterns and serve quite as well for general wear as if entirely new. This seven gored skirt is cut after the newest shape, fitting smoothly over the hips, and with a pretty ripple about the bottom.



No. 6410

The pattern requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size and comes in sizes 20 to 30 inches waist measure. The woman who likes to have variety in her apparel and designs that are not like those of her friends, will be pleased with the accompanying suggestion for a dressing sack, 6410. Pink chambray was used for material, with stitching and small pearl buttons for adornment. The sack is very unique and attractive, being shaped like the Chinese mandarin coat with the front portion of the sleeve in one with the front of the sack and the back arranged similarly. This necessitates but one seam for sleeve and shoulder and renders the making very simple. The sack is fitted about the neck by tucks, while a shaped neckband stitched on the edges serves as a trim finish. Two tabs on the right front serve as fastenings, while the tab idea appears again on the opening of the sleeve. In the medium size, 4 yards of 36-inch material are needed for the sack, which is in three sizes, small, medium and large.

After all, the warm summer days are the opportunity nature gives the little folks for running about out of doors and getting strong and ruddy. This means a hard wear on clothes, but what does it matter if mother does have to mend and patch and make over all her old gowns into frocks for the boy and girl so long as these two blessed mites are well and happy. For the child there is nothing which has stood the test of time so well as the Russian blouse suit, for while it is easily made, it is practical and becoming. Our number 4780, is in one piece and without gathers or trimming, so that it may stand frequent tubbings. The dress is closed on the shoulder and under the arm, and as fastening is made to a facing, a left front is not required. The dress is suitable for small folks of either sex and requires so little material—only 2½ yards



No. 4796

For the little maid there must be a good supply of simple wash dresses and 4796 may answer admirably for one in

gingham or chambray. The waist and skirt are tucked and finished with a simple stitched collar and belt. The pattern calls for 3 yards of 36-inch material which may be anything suitable to the small wearer. This dress is one very much liked by economical mothers and may be as simple or elaborate as one cares to make it.

Little Miss Simplicity begins with a bib but as soon as she begins to toddle about she graduates to an apron. The first apron must be rather complete, as the beginner in the use of the spoon is likely to spill things and the little dress must not be soiled with every repast. So a special feeding apron has been designed for the little one and mothers have found it very serviceable. This covers the wearer completely in front, and even to the

sleeves, so that tiny elbows which will get into the bread and butter need not be soiled. The apron fastens simply with a strap in back so that it is easily donned and doffed. Any apron stuff may serve as material. The pattern comes in one and two-year sizes and requires ¾ yards of material 36 inches wide.



No. 4780

One of the chief delights of dressing a baby is in the fashioning of the small garments. Such dainty fashions and fabrics are necessary that every mother loves each small garment the more if it is the work of her own hands. Here is a little dress having a square yoke extending to the armholes on the sides. This makes it easy to construct as the shirt portion is one full straight piece. A dress of this kind may be made as elaborate or as simple as desired and will be doubly attractive if made by hand. The garment is so small that it means but a short distance to run tucks and sew insertion. Several narrow tucks may adorn the lower part of the skirt and make it more dressy. Lawn, dimity or nainsook may fashion the dress. For the medium size the pattern calls for 2½ yards of 36-inch material. This pattern, No. 4724, is cut in from 1 to 4-year sizes.

SPECIAL OFFER

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We can also furnish any of the patterns illustrated in the last five issues of Vick's Magazine.

VICK PUBLISHING CO., Dept. X, Danville, N. Y.

MARRY THIS GIRL--SOMEBODY!

I got berry stains on a blue silk dress, will some reader tell me what will remove them. While only a girl, I am making lots of money selling directions for preserving fruit. I sell more than 100 directions a week, for \$1.00 each. You do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, it will keep perfectly fresh for years and is much better and more healthful than canned fruit. I will gladly help anyone start in this business, and you can make money in city or country. I will mail a bottle of fruit and complete directions for 21 cent stamps, which is only the cost of bottle, fruit, mailing case, postage, etc. Address Francis Casey, 201 W. 111 St., Block 40, New York, N. Y. With a bottle of fruit for people to see and taste, you should sell hundreds of directions, right round home.

SOMETHING NEW—Self generating GAS LAMP with detachable HEATER and COOKER; all three in one at cost daily. Practical, economical. Illustrated circulars free. AGENTS WANTED. Combination Lamp Co., Dept. D, 1931 Broadway, New York.

Your Fortune in Your

Business, Matrimony, Fortune, scientifically predicted by the Hideo Prince of Zoro. Send 2c stamp for FREE outfit for casting life size hand. EGYPTOLOGY SCHOOL OF STUDY, Dept. 18, Bridgeport, Conn.

Artistic Lace and Needlework Designs

By Mrs. E. J. Grote

The beautiful designs below are copyrighted by Mrs. Grote, and may be obtained of her, stamped on linen, with material for finishing. Mrs. Grote was awarded the Grand Prize for her designs at the St. Louis World's Fair, and is the only American who ever received such an award at any World's Fair. For full particulars address Mrs. E. J. Grote, 3409 Lawton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

An Elegant Battenberg Design

This design is worked in spider stitch and Point de Bruxelles. The leaves are worked, one leaf in Point de Bruxelles, the next in greek bar stitch and the next in spider stitch repeating then from the first again. The space around the center is filled in with Point de Bruxelles, or open buttonhole stitch. Although the design seems intricate and difficult this will not be found true of it once the pattern is begun. It is a really elegant piece of work, and the pattern should be followed carefully, but it will not be found beyond the skill of the average Battenberg devotee.



No 1. A Battenberg Design

will supply full information concerning them to all who apply. The good housekeeper can never have too many of them, for they must be kept fresh and dainty to give a house the cheerful, elegant appearance that tasteful bits of fancy furnishings of this sort always lend. Doylies are favorite bits of fancy-work with most ladies, because they are usually light and simple in design, easily packed in work bags, and quickly finished up.

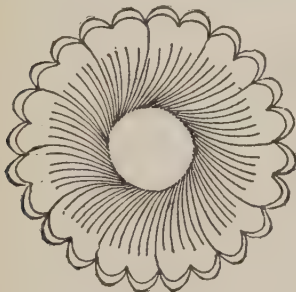
Price List of Patterns and Linens.

- No. 1.—BATTENBURG DESIGN, 25 inches. Price of pattern, 25 cents.
- No. 2.—CONVENTIONAL CENTERPIECE, 18 inches, stamped on linen, 30 cents; 9 inches, stamped on linen, 20 cents.
- No. 3.—MOUNTMELICK SQUARE, 27 inches, stamped on linen, 40 cents.
- No. 4.—SWEET PEA DESIGN, 18x26 inches, stamped on linen, 50 cents; 8x14 inches, stamped on linen, 25 cents.
- DOYLIES. Prices and sizes on request.

Address all orders and inquiries concerning these patterns and linens to Mrs. E. J. Grote, 3409 Lawton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

A Conventional Center-piece

This pretty centerpiece is very easy of execution. The edge is done in double buttonhole stitch, and the long spokes from the scollop are done in



No. 2. A Conventional Centerpiece

cable split stitch just the same that is used in Mountmellick work. The design is finished around the center in the same way and the other spokes are done in stem stitch. This is a very simple design but very handsome when finished. It can be done in knitting cotton or crochet cotton, using coarse and fine numbers, and it will never be spoiled in washing even if it happens to go into the boiler. The effect of laundrying should always be considered in designing and finishing up fancy work of all kinds.

A Pretty Sweet Pea Pattern

The sweet pea is a favorite flower for embroidery. The colorings are varied, and the worker is at liberty to please her fancy. An exquisite effect may be obtained by using pink shading into white in some of the flowers, and in others using the darker shades. Care should be taken in laying the first row of stitches, as on this depends largely the shape of the flowers. They may be worked either solid, in feather stitch, in long and short stitch, or in "half-solid embroidery," as it is often called. This style of work is very effective. The turn-over petals should first be slightly padded and then worked in the lightest shades. Almost invariably this is the lightest part of the flower. The spine shown in front and side views should also be padded and worked dark. As before stated, successful embroidery of sweet-peas depends largely on the direction of the stitches. Work the leaves in feather stitch with filo, using four shades of green silk. In some of the leaves use the two lightest shades of green and in others the two darker ones. Do not use more than two shades in a single leaf. Work the stems in outline stitch, with the darkest shade of green and the tendrils in the second lightest

shade of green. The edge is padded and worked in buttonhole stitch with Persian floss.

Mountmellick Embroidery

This beautiful piece can be worked in solid embroidery or may be heavily outlined in satin stitch with coarse cotton, and each leaf filled with a different stitch. Fill one with French knots, another in coral stitch, the next in wheat-ear stitch, and double bullion stitch.

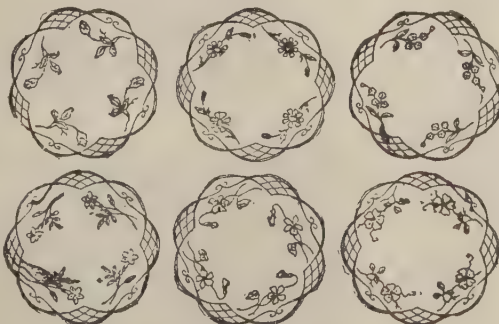
Outline the leaves in braid stitch on one side and work the other side solid, filling the open side with French knots. Thorn stitch the next one, wheat-ear stitch another with buttonhole stitch. The stems should be padded and worked in satin stitch, or may be worked in a double row of braid stitch without padding.

While some people use silk for this work I prefer the way the people in the



A Sweet Pea Pattern

old country do it,—that is, with knitting or crochet cottons. When these are used for the embroidery there is no harm done when they are put in the boiler on



Six Dainty Doylies

washday, a fact that adds greatly to their popularity. Mountmellick embroidery continually grows in popularity.

Six Dainty Doylies

These are all in different designs, equally pretty and original, Mrs. Grote



No. 3. A Mountmellick Square

Rustic Frames

By R. E. Merryman.

Very pretty frames for small pictures may be made from pieces of branches and vines carefully put together. The wild grapevines are especially nice for this work, as they are so easily bent in any desired form. Soaking in water a while makes them still more pliable. They may be tied, wired, or fastened with brads to keep them in place. In using the small branches of trees for this work be sure to have the trimmed buds show at the edge or corner of the frame. Brackets may be had of the same material. The finished articles may have tufts of lichen glued on to emphasize the woodsy effect.

Some prefer to varnish the rustic articles and in this case, it is well to brighten them by touches of gold paint here and there. The cut ends of the branches which should always be diagonal, with the cut, face outward, may have a good coat of the gold paint, while the buds and some places on the bark may show a faint shimmer of it. The ends of the lichen may be tipped with it. While this may not be realistic, it is very pretty and that is what we want. A little of the diamond gold paint carefully applied to such articles gives the effect of rifts of sunshine as it shines through the forest leaves upon the twigs and vines below.

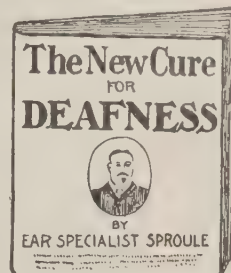
Our Charcoal Art Prints

Poets have sung the praises of the babbling brook, and untold numbers have sung "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," but it remained for the renowned landscape artist, Fisher, to create in black and white the rippling water mingling with the rocks and make it almost possible for us to see our likeness mirrored in the placid stream. We are able to mail postpaid to our friends an exact reproduction of the original on American Creme Mat Board, ready for framing, on receipt of 20c. We will send it free with a fifty-cent subscription to Vick's Magazine for one year, new or renewal.

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The book contains information that will be of great value to deaf people. It was written to honestly help all who suffer from Deafness, and it tells all about the cause, dangers and cure of deafness in the plainest manner. It shows how the inner tubes of

the ear get all blocked up, causing the loss of hearing, and explains the terrible ringing, buzzing sounds in the ears and how to stop them. Fine drawings by the best artists illustrate its pages.

If you want to get rid of your Deafness, send for this book and find out what to do. Deafness can now be cured and this book explains how. It's in great demand, so ask for it today. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Coupon and mail it to Deafness Specialist SPROULE, 16 Trade Building, Boston.

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Pants, College style Cap and strong Belt, or

A Complete Base Ball Player's Outfit, consisting of Handsome Chest Protector, Catcher's Mitt, Fielder's Glove, Catcher's Mask, University Cap, fine Belt and regulation Ball.

FOR ONLY 24 CENTS. SELLING 24 FAST. GOOD HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS AT 10 CTS. EACH

We trust you with the Handkerchiefs to sell. 24 sent at one time.

Outfit will be delivered express charges prepaid same day money from sale is received. Write at once.

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO. 971 PASSAIC ST. PASSAIC N. J.



Out of Doors in May



How cool and delicious. Nothing like this in all New York



The greatest charm of an early May landscape is the fresh misty green of its foliage



A three base hit. The city boys see a country ball game



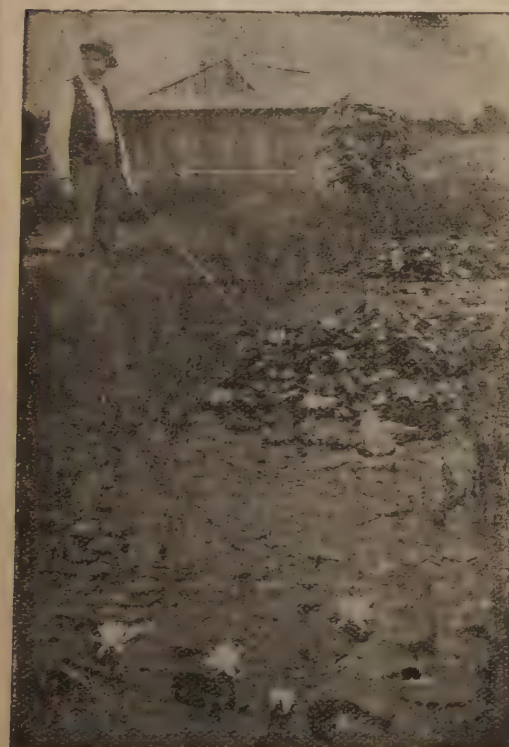
Mid-May sets the gardens all aglow with the flowers of early shrubs



Late in the month begins the rhododendron show of the South. A glimpse of the Kelsey nurseries at Highlands, N. C.



Fisherman's luck is good this month. A fine shoal for traps



Warm days of late May coax some of the water-lilies into bloom



Herds of cattle on their way to green mountain pastures



The kalmia is the showiest of May shrubs. From the Highland's nurseries it is shipped in carloads



Picnic parties are apt to center round charming water falls

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DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP.** It is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar or lead, nitrate silver, copper, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tress from dry, thinning hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 27, St. Louis, Mo.**

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A Complete Base Ball Outfit, consisting of Chest Protector, Catcher's Mitt, Fielder's Glove, Catcher's Mask, fine Belt, Chicago Cap, good Base Ball, or **A Complete Base Ball Outfit**, consisting of Flannel Shirt, lace front; Padded Pants; College Cap; fine Belt.

Boys send no money, we trust you with jewelry to sell. Sell same at 10c. each, and same day \$2.00 from sale is received we will send you complete outfit, all express charges prepaid. Write at once.

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The Hardy Perennial Phloxes

By Ida D. Bennett

AMONG the really valuable hardy perennials none, if any, rival the hardy phloxes in value. Their entire hardiness, freedom and certainty of bloom, together with their fine foliage and beautiful flowers make them one of our most valuable flowers for midsummer and fall blooming.

During the last few years the improvements in both color and size of bloom have greatly increased their value. From the magentas and dull white blooms of a few years ago, we have now such varieties as Coquelicot, a bright orange-scarlet with purple center; Molier, salmon pink with white eye; Robert Werner, a soft rose, with carmine center, very large and distinct from all others; Cross of Honor and a score or more of fine varieties.

Like the old-fashioned type these new phloxes are perfectly hardy, but, like many other hardy flowers, they are in no way injured by a little care and attention. I have found it pays to mulch and water mine during summer and to protect them during winter. It is also best for the plants to remove all seedpods as they form, except such as may be needed for seed.

As the seed of the hardy phloxes are very difficult to make germinate, it is well, if one wishes to increase a stock of plants in this way, to remove the seed-heads from all inferior plants, allowing only the finest to form seed, and but one spike of bloom to a plant. These may be allowed to self-sow, and the young plants be taken up in the spring. Set them out in rows, cultivate them and encourage them to grow vigorously. They will probably bloom the same summer and any inferior plants can then be discarded. Often, in this way, choice new varieties may be obtained. Hand-sown seeds of the hardy phlox seldom come up, but self-sown seeds can generally be depended on.

Although there is no objection to the young plants going at once into perma-

nent quarters, still, in growing all young plants of this class, I prefer the nursery method, as, grown in rows, a certain distance apart, the evenness of their growth may be noted, at a glance, and any that fall below the established standard may be given especial attention or discarded.

In setting beds of phlox a large percent of white should be used as white greatly increases the brilliancy of the crimsons and pinks, and often, without its kindly service, the effect of certain shades of salmon and crimson, in close juxtaposition, would be inharmonious. There is a dwarf white phlox that may be used with excellent effect in front of a bed of the taller-growing kinds. The white of the taller sorts is scarce.

Phloxes should be taken up every three years, the roots divided and the soil kept mellow around them at all times, so that they may be able to form good clumps. During hot, dry weather a mulch of lawn clippings will be of much value, keeping the soil moist and cool and free from weeds. Or, better still, a heavy mulch of rough manure may be given in the fall, the coarsest raked off in the spring and the finer—there should be several inches of it,—left for a summer mulch. While phloxes will grow with very little water, it will be well worth one's time to water liberally during the blooming season. There is no time in the life of a plant when it needs more care than just before flowering and liberal watering with liquid manure at this period will bring much finer and larger blooms.

The May Calendar

Everything seems to need doing at once in May. So many things! Before the danger of frost is over the veranda boxes can be planned and planted.

Of the young seedlings there are many that will need their first transplanting and thinning the first week in the month.

If some of the early seeds failed you, perhaps your neighbor has good ones of these sorts that she can exchange for others you have. Keep a sharp lookout for such chances. They save time in sowing one's favorites over again, which means a great deal now. In suburban neighborhoods, plants of pansies, salvia, verbenas, asters, etc., can be purchased cheaply of florists.

When danger of frost is over, the plants in boxes, frames and hotbeds may be transplanted to the open ground. Make the beds deep, mellow and rich to receive them.

By the middle of the month the seedlings aforesaid will need their second thinning and may be transplanted directly into these beds. If you choose a lowering day for the work and get them in just before a shower much work is saved.

Now comes also the planting of summer bulbs—the second planting for southern states, the first for northern ones. Let me urge fewer straggling lines of them, unless it be for dahlia hedges, and a more tasteful grouping of cannas, gladioli, dahlias, lilies and the other bulbs in masses of one color. Leave the surface of the beds in which they are planted slightly depressed instead of raising them above the sod of the surrounding yard. This will help the roots to get plenty of water when it is applied and the rains will soak in better. The water-barrels mounted on wheels that are now sold by most dealers of agricultural implements save much hard work. Where there is a garden hose convenient the watering of a small garden is not arduous work, even in midsummer.

The loveliest of the wild flowers are most plentiful this month. It is vandalism to despoil woodlands of rare ones, but where trilliums, anemones and similar flowers are plentiful a good collection for shaded nooks may be quickly gathered now, if you take a basket and a trowel along with you on your walks.

The midsummer insects will begin to be troublesome in a little while. Some bird houses put up here and there near your flowers will help to thin them wonderfully. The toads, too, are useful allies. One of the government bulletins reckons a toad as worth twenty dollars to a garden. If only they wouldn't bury themselves on hot days in the earth under your favorite flowers!

The roses will need spraying with whale-oil soap about the middle of May to keep away insect enemies. About this time, too, they appreciate liquid stimulants applied occasionally. Their great June buds round out grandly when such attention is given. If this is thought too much trouble or seems disagreeable work, have a manure mulch applied before the spring rains are over. If the material is fresh do not use too much of it.

This is the month to fight plantain and dandelions on the lawn,—yes, and all weeds everywhere. Work of this kind done thoroughly now makes subsequent weed-killing much lighter.

The plants that were reported in fresh soil last month may now go a-summering out in the yard and garden, finding nooks to suit their individual likings. Geraniums love the full sun. Fuchsias love cool, shady, moist nooks where they will sometimes climb almost as luxuriantly as vines in summer. The bouvardias and heliotropes can be bedded in sunny places, and if they have not exhausted themselves by winter-blooming, a good cutting back, rich soil and plenty of water through summer will bring beautiful flower masses in summer and autumn.

Do not throw away bulbs that have flowered in the window. Plant them along the border somewhere, where other plants will not rob their roots entirely, and in a few years most of them will recuperate so as to give presentable flowers again.

As the tulips and hyacinths fade there should be plenty of young plants almost ready to bloom to set among them and hide with their own fresh leaves and flowers the yellowing tops of the bulbs. Arabis alba sown early, or in fall, will make a mass of white bloom by the time the tulips have faded. The bulbs start earlier when left in the beds over summer, and in southern latitudes this sometimes means that returning frosts will kill them, but good winter mulching will largely help to avoid this.



A border mass of tall white perennial phlox

A Pretty Wild Flower for the Border

By Louise Priest

The petals are just falling from a charming little clump of bloodroot in my border. It has been a thing of delight for three weeks or more.

Four years ago it was transplanted from a rocky northern hillside, where the leaf mold was thick and deep.

I set it under a spirea with long, drooping branches in some of the same leaf mold in which it grew first. I do not remember that I gave it any other care than the first watering, for April is a rainy season with us, and the plant settled happily into its new home making a great clump of leaves the first year. The second it bloomed quite well; last year and this year have been from ten to twelve of the large white star flowers open every day for nearly three weeks.

The root is thick, almost like a tuber, and if you bruise it or snap a flower or leaf-stem a thick red juice, like blood, drips from it.

The leaves are thick and leathery, standing up stiffly all summer in a handsome clump. In some lights their dark green surface has a silvery sparkle. I value my bloodroot above snowdrop for the garden, and admire it much more than the white Duc Van Thol tulips that bloom about the same time.



A border clump of bloodroot.

Some of the prettiest and hardiest trailers were linaria, saxifrage and tradescantia. Ivy geraniums, also, were used effectively in many window boxes.

A good box for a shady summer window and for a sunny winter one is shown in the picture. The cyperus in the center must have plenty of water; the tradescantias along the edge are green and white and as pretty as flowers.

The box used to hold the plants may be merely of rough wood if kept in an out-of-the-way place until the vines cover it. Boxes of metal or of stone grow fiercely hot when exposed to sunshine and are apt to bake the earth until the vines droop over the sides. Plain boxes painted green or gray are not unsightly at any time. The shell-like leaves of the ground-ivy, common every where, make a pretty curtain for such boxes. Nasturtiums, cabbages and morning-glories also grow fast and are bright and graceful in effect. The secret of success with window boxes lies in choosing the plants carefully, in giving them plenty of room and plenty of water.

The Summer Care of Chrysanthemums

By L. T. Rightsell

It is best to start chrysanthemums early, in April or May, in order that they may flower well and early in fall.

We prefer to procure healthy young ones, for they are likely to last longer than old ones, and if well rooted, will bloom just as soon.

The soil used must, of course, be rich. A good mixture is about two parts of good garden mold, with one part of rotted manure, finely chopped sod and sand.

If planted in pots, the plants must be re-potted to larger sizes as fast as they fill their old ones. This will usually be about every three weeks. Much depends upon the steady growth of the plants; they should not be allowed to remain too long in one pot, or to go without water until their leaves droop.

To insure large flowers, cut off most of the side shoots and pinch off all except one bud for each shoot. This sends all the strength of a stem into its one flower. Two buds may be left to one stem without much diminution of the size of the flowers. As the plants begin to get large and topheavy it is necessary to stake them, in order to hold them upright.

The chrysanthemum's enemy, the black aphid, may be successfully combated by an application of tobacco, either dusted upon the flowers or sprayed on in liquid form.

The half bush form with three or four main stems and from two to three branches for each stem is the most graceful one. It is formed by pinching back the main and succeeding stems until the right number forms.

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Window and Veranda Boxes

Since window and veranda boxes have come into general use in cities how much more endurable a city seems in summer! Along good streets the houses fairly vie with each other in producing the best and most tasteful masses of flowers from insignificant little morsels of earth set in boxes where the plants' roots would bake thoroughly in an hour or two if water were not given copiously twice a day. The vine foliage sweeping over the sides of the box is a protection from this glare as the stems lengthen. I made a study of these city boxes last summer, because, though my own summer home is wreathed with vines, there is an upper porch on which I would like to grow some heat-hardy plants to shade a doorway and window.

One of the prettiest and coolest-looking vines that seemed to thrive regardless of untoward circumstances was the variegated trailing vinca. Its cream-edged leaves were large and vigorous enough to give a cool, luxurious effect, as if they enjoyed life even in such Saharas as they were doomed to. And for planting with them for general effectiveness nothing was prettier or more durable than scarlet geraniums, in spite of their plebeian commonness. Ageratums love the sun and their cool blue tints are charming, but they have a weedy look. Heliotropes bear the sun well for a time, but succumb to it in midsummer. Pansies can survive only through May and June. Verbenas love sunshine, and bloom gaily, trailing their flowers in among the vine fringes, but they need taller flowers above them. Salvias are good if they are started early, otherwise they are bright only in the fall.

The lantanas are perfectly at home in window boxes and gay all summer. Their habit and bright flowers just fit them for such places. Lobelias and summer-flowering oxalis also stood the summer heat well, and both were prodigal of their small, bright flowers. Sweet alyssum may be used as a pretty border for boxes with plants of any kind. Its continual foam-like display of small white flowers along the edge is like the frill of lace about a fair woman's chin.

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IN THE GARDEN



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Sweet Corn.

There is no garden product that appeals to the general appetite more strongly than sweet corn, and we know of none more susceptible to the influence of good or bad handling. Only those who grow it ever have it at its best.

Unfortunately, varieties mix if planted near each other. The remedy is to select a good all-seasons sort and to plant rows for succession,—say, ten days or two weeks apart. Or, we may select a good medium early and an evergreen at the same time; then a little later make a second planting of the evergreen. This will give us a long continued succession without risk of mixing.

To get an extra early crop for the table the first two plantings, if of different sorts, had better be started thus: Take shallow boxes, or any convenient thing, put in two or three inches of sand or sawdust (preferably the latter) spread over this a thin cloth, scatter on it the kernels and cover them with another thickness of the cloth and a light layer of the other material. Keep warm and moist and in a few days the corn will be ready to plant, and will be much surer to grow than if planted in ordinary ways.

As to varieties, the Early Minnesota is hardly surpassed in flavor, quite early and can be planted from very early in the season to July 4th, or even a little later, as far north as the forty-second parallel. It is a good sort to use in connection with White Evergreen, Stowell's, and similar sorts.

Eggplant.

At the north eggplant should be started early, as it requires a long season. For best results start under glass, but do not plant in the open ground until warm weather is assured. Plants can usually be had of the market gardeners, or at greenhouses, where home conveniences for starting them are not at hand. With care in transplanting they can be held in the hotbeds or window boxes where started until quite large, and this is preferable to their taking any chances of cold weather after being set out.

Early Long Purple is perhaps as early as any variety, and though not so large as some others is very productive. Improved New York and Black Beauty are also very desirable sorts. Potato bugs are the eggplant's chief enemies. The beetles seem to prefer them to potatoes.

Pepper.

Although native to warm climates this vegetable succeeds well in most northern localities and deserves far more attention than it now receives. Like the eggplant it requires a warm, deep, mellow soil, rich with humus. A sandy loam not too damp, suits it well. Fortunately, like the eggplant, pepper is drouth resistant to an extent equalled by few other vegetables. It requires less time for maturing than the egg fruit and thus may be started a little later, if need be.

The culture of both egg and pepper plants is essentially the same. A hard clay soil, especially if retentive or acid, should by all means be avoided for both. Sand or gravel, even if light, is preferable. The ground should be thoroughly worked both before and after setting. Guano, pigeon and poultry manure make good dressings for summer application. If scattered on the surface near the hills and well hoed into the soil, such top dressings will work wonders.

Thirty inches apart is about the right distance to set plants of both these vegetables, and the culture and season of growth being so nearly the same, it is quite desirable to grow them side by side. Then, if garden space is limited, radishes, lettuce or other salads may be grown between the rows at least one way.

So, whenever possible, it is good practice to plant crops of like habit of growth side by side, filling between the rows with quick-maturing catch crops and thus nearly doubling our possibilities.

Cabbage, Cauliflower and Brussels Sprouts.

In habit of growth, these vegetables are so nearly allied that it is always economy to grow them in the same plot. All are gross feeders, requiring almost unlimited quantities of fertilizers. The culture and period of growth are alike for all and all are subjected to the same insect pests. All require plenty of moisture but of the three, the Sprouts are most exacting. So, from any view point, it is economy to grow them near each other.

Such catch crops as lettuce, wax beans etc., that will mature before the space is all required for the plants, may be grown between the rows and the main crops will not suffer thereby.

The seeds of all these three members of the cabbage family may be sown in the open ground from May 15 to 25,—or later, according to location and all may be transplanted about the same time. The seed beds should be made rich and mellow. Sow air-slacked lime or wood ashes quite plentifully over the surface of the bed and work it into the soil with a hand rake before sowing the seeds. The lime, if available, is preferable as it is the best known preventive of some of the fungous diseases. If the seedlings are attacked by the cabbage flea which may be known by the plants being cut off or disappearing when very small, scatter on the lime when plants are damp with dew or rain. If the soil is stirred frequently about these the seedlings will be ready for transplanting in from four to six weeks. After transplanting give good culture. Stirring the soil about the roots once or twice a week is none too much.

The chief insect enemy of this group will be the cabbage worm which can usually be held in check with salt and wood ashes; one part of the former to two of the latter. Sprinkle on when plants are damp. No injurious results need be feared from the salt, as it is beneficial to them.

Tender little heads, like small cabbages, and not larger than a walnut, grow from the sides of the stalks of Brussels sprouts in the axils of the leaf stems. The leaves must be broken off as they start out, in order to throw the strength to the development of the sprouts. As the stalks develop in height, the leaf stems put out and must be broken off, all but the upper or crown leaves. So, when the sprouts are maturing the stump will stand bare except for the little cabbages growing from their sides, and the crown leaves branching out from the top.

When the cauliflower crowns begin to appear the outer leaves must be gathered up and tied together to prevent the sun's

rays from shining on the heads or curds. After these begin growing and the leaves are tied, the safest remedy against worms is brushing or picking them off. Spraying or dusting with any insecticide is liable to soil or discolor the heads.

In Conclusion.

For the most part we have talked of some of the choicest vegetables that for some reason are little grown in our home gardens. In visiting fairs and even some vegetable markets we find many people unacquainted with eggplant fruit, and Brussels sprouts. So while writing of these I also write of others that may most easily be cultivated in connection with them.

We hope that our readers will feel free to ask questions upon any subjects in which they are interested.

The Amateur's Practical Garden Book

The bases of this work are the notes written by C. E. Hunn, gardener to the Horticultural Department of Cornell University. The leading feature of these notes was to answer the many questions about the simplest garden operations which continually present themselves to the teacher of horticulture. For easiest reference, the subjects are arranged in alphabetical order. The book is, in fact, a condensed encyclopedia on general gardening for amateurs. This book will be sent upon receipt of \$1.00 plus 10 cents for postage. Address, VICK'S MAGAZINE, Dansville, N. Y.

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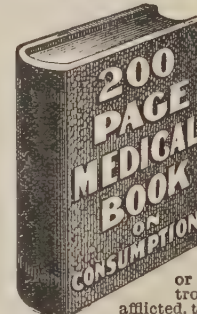
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Orchard and Small Fruits

MAY AND ITS DUTIES

Pruning.

In the writer's opinion there is no better time for pruning, especially among fruit trees, than the present month. There are two important points in late pruning that should be borne in mind. First, pruning wounds heal far more readily at this season of the year than if made in winter or early spring while the wood is still dormant. The freezing and thawing always liable to occur with early-made wounds can by no possibility work any good; but in the contrary, must work harm.

Second, Nature always tries to replace branches that are pruned away. This she will do with a vengeance by sending out numerous young shoots or suckers to supply the places of the branches removed. Our remedy for these evils is to select the time for the removal of the branches when the processes of healing go on most rapidly and the growth of new shoots will be the least. Most certainly this time is late in the spring after growth is well started. So, if we have pruning to do that has been neglected, it can be done with perfect safety now.

Spraying.

In the April number some suggestions were made as to early spraying (or that which should be done while trees were still dormant). The formula given for that work cannot be used after growth starts and other remedies are now in order.

Paris green and water, one half pound of the former to fifty gallons of the latter, is much used in the later sprayings; but is only effective against insects and seems to have but little effect upon some species of these. The most formidable weapon we have is Bordeaux mixture. This is equally effective as an insecticide and fungicide.

The principal fungous enemies with which we have to contend are the scab of the apple and the black-rot and mildew in the vine and stone fruits. For these the Paris green and water will in no way be effective and the Bordeaux must be substituted.

The codling moth and plum curculio are the chief insects with which we have to deal and the water, or Bordeaux, with some form of poison may be used. The arsenate of lead (disparene), is largely taking the place of Paris green and is a far better insecticide, as it adheres to the foliage much better and can be used much stronger without fear of burning it. From one to two pounds or more can be safely used to fifty gallons of water or Bordeaux. For the enemies above named, the later sprayings must be started upon the various fruits just as soon as the blossoms fall, followed by two or three applications a week to ten days apart as weather and other conditions seem to indicate.

These sprayings should not be given until the petals fall, as many if not most states, have laws against the use of poisonous mixtures in blossoming time for the protection of the honey bees. These points must all be borne in mind; but once the proper time comes for the work, let it be thoroughly and persistently done and the chances are that our labors will be rewarded with bounteous crops of good fruit.

The fruit curculio is one of the most formidable fruit pests we have, and a hard enemy to fight. It was formerly supposed that its ravages were confined entirely to the plum, hence its name; but we now know that it injures all stone fruits and the apple as well.

Currants and Gooseberries.

These bushes should be pruned every year, and the important part is to remove the oldest wood at each pruning. Wood more than three years old ought not to be left growing. Pruning this away will not only stimulate the bearing canes but invigorate the new canes that later on become the dependence for fruit. When sufficient growth of new shoots is well started, all surplus growth should

be removed to give those remaining as well as the bearing wood the benefit of all the root strength.

The ground should be cultivated and kept free from weeds and grass and plentifully supplied with wood or coal ashes. Either will keep the soil in ideal condition, and there need be no fear of over mulching. The ashes will keep weeds and grass out of the hills besides holding and storing up moisture for the fruiting time. They are also a safeguard against the currant worm; but must not be depended upon as a remedy.

The bushes must be closely watched this month, as the worms come thick and fast sometimes. A second crop appears a few weeks later than the first and this is when the fruit is well grown or nearly ready to ripen. Once rid of the first crop it will not do to rest upon our oars with the thought that the danger is past; for while we are resting, the second delay may result in destruction to the foliage just when it is most important to shelter and protect the fruit.

Now as to remedies: The white hellebore is most used and is entirely effective, provided it can be obtained fresh. So much of it, however, is entirely worthless that nothing but the guaranteed article should be used. Boiling water should be poured upon the powder and after standing for a little time the liquid can be diluted at the rate of a tablespoonful of the powder to a gallon of water. If more convenient, Paris green may be substituted and used with safety until the fruit is grown to nearly full size.

If desired, Bordeaux mixture may be used instead of water with the addition of Paris green or arsenate of lead. It is much preferable to water, as it will protect the bushes from such fungous diseases as rusts, mildew, etc. No one doubts the value of wood ashes; but coal ashes are wasted by most of us when if they were saved and used for mulching, they would return good profits.

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Vick's Magazine

May 1906



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EDITORS

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As the Editor Sees It
AFFAIRS AT HOME

The San Francisco Earthquakes.—For the time being, all minor affairs are forgotten in the intense sympathy and excitement awakened by the wreck of San Francisco, which as we go to press, is reported a smoking ruin from repeated earthquake shocks, which destroyed the water mains, and the fire which there was no means of controlling. It is estimated that two-thirds of the beautiful city has been destroyed. The suffering among the inhabitants thus left homeless is intense. The made portion of the city was the first to suffer, all the houses upon it being destroyed, and from it the flames spread to all sides. There have been brave hearts to take up at once the work of rescue and relief. The homeless are being cared for by transportation to neighboring cities, and by erecting tents in the parks. Bakerys for feeding the homeless thousands have been newly established in the desolated section; the supply of drinking water is very scant and the work of removing dead bodies from the wreckage is being pushed rapidly to prevent an epidemic. Los Angeles and Santa Rosa have also suffered from seismic convulsions, to what extent it is not yet definitely known.

Our new state, framed from the territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, leaves us but little contiguous ground under territorial control, besides Alaska and the insular possessions,—a matter of congratulation. Why should we plan further trouble by emulating England and trying to assimilate all sorts and conditions of men? According to the first complete census of the British Empire her population is about 400,000,000, of which only about 54,000,000 are whites. Thus it would seem that other nations, also, have race problems.

Death of Mrs. Whitney.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, well known as a writer of attractive stories for girls, died at her home in Milton, Massachusetts, March 22. Her first book, "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," was published in 1859

Some of her other popular books were "Sights and Insights," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and "Leslie Goldthwaite."

Respect for Our Flag and respect for our national songs, says an esteemed contemporary, are not so generally taught as they should be to our young people. Even on frivolous occasions, when the Star Spangled Banner is played it is proper to stand. A witness says that at the close of a dance in a navy yard when the Star Spangled Banner was played the commandant saw two people who remained seated, and asked sharply, "Is there anything the matter?" In a theatre when the piece was played in the midst of other incidental music, the audience rose immediately. No Southern assembly ever remains passive when it hears Dixie.

EVENTS ABROAD

A Royal Betrothal.—The marriage of King Alfonso, of Spain, to Princess Ena, of Battenberg, will take place June 2d. The King celebrates his twentieth birthday the 17th of this month; the princess was eighteen last October. Her mother is Beatrice, the youngest sister of the King of England; her father was Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died of African fever on the Ashanti expedition of 1895. The princess gives up her Protestant faith for the Catholic, a matter that has been much discussed.

The International Postal Congress which meets in Rome this month, will attempt to agree upon a way by which the stamps of different countries may pass current anywhere. Just now American stamps are not good in Europe, and European stamps will not carry a letter from this country to Europe.

The Olympic Games at Athens, which began April 22d, are rendered unusually important this year by unusual representation from different countries whose teams participate. President Roosevelt has appointed James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the American Athletic Union, to represent the United States. To defray the expenses of the thirty men in the American team of athletes at the games, a fund of \$14,000 has been raised.

The Japs Would Grow in Stature if they could compass it by scientific feeding, said Baron Takahii, in a lecture before the medical students of an American University, the other day. The attempt to grow larger specimens of the little yellow men, has, in fact, already begun, and an interesting part of the baron's lecture had to do with the results of the experiment, which has been made upon the men of the Japanese navy for the last three years. In the course of the lecture the Baron stated that the Japanese, who have been a diminutive people for ages, have also, for centuries, been insufficiently nourished.

The Winner of the \$40,000 Nobel Peace Prize, Baroness Von Suttner, tells in a most interesting way the story of her prize-winning book, "Lay Down Your Arms." It began merely as a plan for a little story in which a young woman who loses her husband on the battlefield is awakened by it to a realization of the horrors of war. But the Baroness's search for material resulted in a two-volume novel which went the round of the publishers before it was accepted. Publishers of her other books refused it, and various German editors sent it back with the remark that in the present state of military affairs they could not accept it. A Dresden editor who kept the book a long while finally advised her to change the title, which he found too aggressive, and also to modify some of the statements, which she declined to do. Finally, the book was published as it was written and proved a grand success. There are editions in this country, one called "Ground Arms" and the other "Lay Down Your Arms."

The Recent Vesuvian Eruption

Vesuvius has again deluged the villages on her slopes with lava, which issued from her crater in violent eruptions. Fortunately, little loss of life has been reported, so far, but several towns and villages have been destroyed or abandoned and hundreds of poor peasants have been driven helpless from their homes. Since the disaster which overwhelmed Pompeii

and Herculaneum there have been twenty-five or thirty chronicled small eruptions. Several press correspondents give this as the largest one that has occurred for two centuries. It has been marked by terrific explosions throwing up huge incandescent rocks three thousand feet in air, by incessant rumblings, and by trembling of the earth for a great distance; while a great river of lava, five hundred feet wide, destroyed the Funicular railway and the hotel, threatened Pompeii, and drove away in very real danger the people of many hamlets on the side of the mountain, or near its foot. An eye-witness gives the following description of the scene on Saturday of the eruption:

"Along the road I met hundreds of families in flight, carrying their few miserable possessions. The spectacle of collapsed carts and fainting women was frequent. When one reached the lava streams, a stupefying spectacle presented itself. From a point on the mountain between the towns I saw four rivers of molten fire, one of which, two hundred feet wide and over forty feet deep, was moving slowly and majestically onward, devouring vineyards and olive groves. I witnessed the destruction of a farm-house which was enveloped on three sides by lava. Immediately overhead the great crater was belching incandescent rocks and scoriae for an incredible distance. The whole summit was wreathed with flames, and a perpetual roar was heard. Ever and anon the cone of the volcano was encircled with vivid electric phenomena, amid which a downpour of liquid fire on all sides of the crater was revealed in magnificent awfulness. In the evening there was a frightful shock of earthquake, which was repeated at two o'clock on Sunday morning. Simultaneously the lava streams redoubled their onrush, and men, women, and children fled precipitately toward the sea. The lava had invaded the road behind them."

We are told that ashes fell in quantities as far as Capri and Sorrento. In Naples there was a general exodus from the shore to the heights, and very decided uneasiness despite the distance and the assurances of the scientists. The King and Queen have visited the disturbed district, and by their presence and sympathy have encouraged the sufferers.

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Editorial Note

It gives us pleasure to call our readers' attention to our book offer in this issue. We desire that each reader have an opportunity to inform him self on important subjects connected with the Home and Garden. As the books used are written by writers of authority, we do not hesitate to recommend any one of them. In fact we have picked out the best from a large list.

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Eye Witnesses, with remarkable self-possession live to tell the story of tumbling down of Mammoth Stone Office Buildings and Homes; the insane actions of men, women and children driven from their homes; the wave-like motion of the surface of the earth; the raging fires; the bursted water mains and sewers, and the inability of the firemen to stay the flames; the destruction of beautiful residences and office buildings by dynamite to prevent spread of fire. The destruction of hundreds of lives and the devastation of the whole city causing over \$500,000,000 loss.

San Francisco, the Golden City of the West, changed into a city of the dead and the thousands of homeless compelled to remain without food and shelter. Actual photographs of the city AS IT IS showing the gaunt spectres of bent steel and the heaps of ruins, once part of some of the finest office buildings in the world.

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Dept. G.

VICK PUBLISHING CO., Dansville, N. Y.



EDITED BY VICTORIA WELLMAN

All questions relating to this department should be addressed to Mrs. Wellman in care of Vick's Magazine. In letters requiring a personal answer enclose a stamp for reply.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

A Few Warning Words.

Have you ever asked why I so often seek both to induce you, my readers, to buy or otherwise secure reliable books which will open your eyes to vital physical needs or grave dangers to be avoided and to throw before your eyes bits of information, advice or warning which pertain so largely to the physical? It is not that I underestimate mental or spiritual matters but because experience and observation have taught me that this life is physical and must be lived as carefully as possible, as near the truth as education can bring us or environment permits, ere we can, from this chrysalis being, evolve the grander mental and spiritual existence to perfection.

There is a too lax idea of the necessary care of the mother just after her ordeal is safely passed. Equally with that indifference I rate that cynical doubt that prenatal living, physically or mentally, affects the unborn and ah! it saddens me. Often I trace sad after effects to a nurse's careless treatment, or a doctor's too hasty summary of symptoms, in a mother's semi-invalidism dating from childbirth. As often a child's weakened constitution (or poor morals) is due to miserable prenatal overstrain and bad conditions which crushed the mother to a mere negative.

Of late, a very great disappointment again brings to my mind this need of mothers being self informed in order to be independent should a poor nurse or careless doctor be secured. A dear young mother in a serious state of health dating from the first child's birth, and who lost that child, wrote me for "heartsease advice." This I gladly gave, writing freely and often during long months and sending literature on every point. As I hoped, a victory was secured, a fine baby boy gladdened all hearts; but due to what grave error of nurse or physician I as yet do not know, a sad letter reached me. The dear little woman had endured a perfectly preventable relapse and was obliged to go on crutches.

Another sad case serves to show how overwork, so common among farmers' wives, may ruin a home and fill asylums. The lady had been reared in luxury, a gay, cheerful, loving, loyal girl who at twenty-five, after refusing many, married "her ideal." In sooth he was seemingly perfect. Educated at a college, originally intending to be a minister, this son of a pious old-time English country gentleman proved to be a hard-headed tyrant. Her dowry in cash and her youthful strength were buried in a large farm on the rocky sides of a ravine. He slaved from 3 A. M. to 10 P. M., and obliged her to do so. Not one of the ordinary conveniences of a home did he allow her,—not even a cistern pump or a well; to get water she must climb a high fence. He even obliged her to chop wood, husk corn, pick beans, enlarged the dairy so she should sell butter,—in short piled tasks upon her loving heart and unused hands. Five babies came in seven years. Warning words had always been in vain and he would not heed her weariness. Queer words and acts caught his selfish attention. Alarmed, he sent her "home" to her city relatives, bewailing her "uselessness" every time he

wrote or called. Soon after the baby came the poor soul began muttering about being "no use any more." One day she ran clothed in her nightgown, with her infant in her arms, for the river. They gave her a year's "rest," then! But she was not cured when she returned and now is to be permanently shut away.

The father has oppressed his children in like manner. They have become dull, dwarfish, hopeless from overwork, too much pious talk, too little pleasure, and the gloom of a nervously wrecked mother on their lives.

Dear Mothers, do not be ashamed to consider the needs of your body when doing God's holiest work, bearing a child. Rest, read, find peace and hope in beautiful or helpful writings (not forgetting the Book of books) and do not let anyone tyrannize over you. You sin when you help anyone live a low ideal.

Helpful Books for Mothers.

"Maternitas."—In sympathetic accord with just such needs as mothers feel, but which they too often depend on some old woman who claims to know how to nurse to meet for them are the simple words and plain instructions given by Dr. Paddock. I thoroughly like the contents of this book. Its advice on clothing infants and the articles to prepare for the mother are such as I sincerely indorse from actual experience, and the fact that the advice on infants' wardrobes was compiled for the author by a clever, wholesome woman whose heart is truly for motherhood's interests and who is head of the mail order concern to which I have, of late, referred so many readers, a reliable source of supply in infant's clothing, only proves the care which has been exercised to produce a practical book. Pre-eminently Maternitas is practical. It gives advice on some topics seemingly over looked by most writers, but which is much needed. A book worthy your attention.

REPLY TO "SARAH BEE."—I have not made a regular column of "replies" a feature of my department, because the delicate needs of my readers commonly require personal letters by mail. I answer your request here, therefore, as a favor, and because many others are interested in these helpful books. Had you given your address I could have written you personally. "Karezza" can be obtained of Stockham Pub. Co., Chicago. "Joy Philosophy" is published by Nautilus Pub. Co., Holyoke, Mass. "The Power of Womanhood" is published by Dutton & Co., New York.

The triad of books is an exceptionally good choice and to read them should inspire to new hopes and aims.

How many of us when maternal cares weigh heavily have not often echoed with a heartache the lines of the old poem,

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!"

The Care of Babies and Young Children.

As I have oft repeated, one chief but singularly forgotten element in the proper care of the baby is the proper care of his mother before and after his birth. Some women deserve not pity but bitter censure. Though able to obtain relief by use of helpful articles, they can afford to purchase, or to hire part or all their mere drudgery done by others, they persist in saving and scrimping, or in living showily with all the nervous strain that implies, or in a mistaken idea about help, a mother may hire someone to care for baby and devote herself to other work through hot toilsome hours,—too easily content to have baby in charge of one whose ignorance or impurity or other unfitness might startle her soul.

Fondly foolish mother, listen! You have taken this child to nurse for God. Nature kindly fits you for the noble task; but custom asks you to vie with the neighbors socially and you spend hours, even in the heat of mid-summer, bending over the machine and the needle, groaning over serious stains in all too dainty garments for (babies will play and get in dirt) in the wash, perspiring over endless yards of tucks, insertions and laces.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrow of women. He has proved that all pain at child birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 118 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure yourself. Do not delay but write today.



THESE SCISSORS DON'T CRAMP the fingers or get dull, cut clear to the end of the blade. Always ready. All sizes. Fully warranted. This means money back if not satisfied. See for full information to-day. AGENTS \$103.50 Per Month selling these wonderful Scissors. V. C. Gleber, Columbus, Ohio, sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, profit \$13. FREE OUTFIT "The most successful plan for You can do it. We show you how and furnish canvassing ever heard of. Try it. Agents coming money." THOMAS CO. 50,000 Dayton, Ohio



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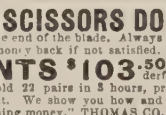
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Prize Contest

\$200 in Prizes

First Prize, Shetland Pony,
Valued at \$75.00

Second Prize,	- - -	\$50.00 in cash
Third Prize,	- - -	25.00 in cash
Fourth Prize,	- - -	15.00 in cash
Fifth Prize,	- - -	10.00 in cash
Next Four Prizes, (\$5.00 each)	- - -	20.00 in cash
Extra Prize	- - -	5.00 in cash



Do not miss this opportunity for securing our Prize Shetland Pony. He is the first prize in the long list of ten prizes that we are offering. With a little diligent work you stand a good chance of winning him. It would make you smile to see the real pony, of which the above cut is a reproduction. We know that some one of our numerous readers will be riding this pony to the park, some picnic, or perhaps through fields and shady lanes. Would YOU like to ride him?

\$50.00 CASH

The second prize will be \$50.00 in cash to the next successful contestant. This makes a vacation possible for some one, or it may enable YOU to go to a high school next year. Would \$50.00 help YOU any?

The remaining prizes will be awarded in the order named above.

We will also give an extra prize of \$5 cash to the one sending the most suitable name for your pony. A committee of three disinterested people appointed by the Subscription Manager of this magazine, will decide. The only requirement is that you must have at least five points in the contest, before sending in a name. They will be considered in the order they are received; so get at least five points, and send in a name quickly.

IN ADDITION to the prizes described above we will allow 20 cents commission on each new fifty-cent yearly subscription, and 40 cents on each new three-year subscription for one dollar.

The number of points received by each contestant will be governed by the number of years for which the subscriptions are sent, for example, a yearly subscription will count one point, and a three-year subscription three points. It is nearly as easy to secure a three year subscription at \$1.00, as a yearly subscription at 50 cents.

The contest will begin March 1, 1906 and close June 25, 1906, at midnight, and no letter bearing a postmark later than June 25th will be accepted in the contest, although the commission will be allowed. We are sure that this will result in some large commissions to many contestants.

Just as soon as you read this, take this copy of the magazine and begin work, also send for order blanks and a sample copy of **Vick's Magazine** and make things hum. The only requirement is that you report each Saturday night by letter, the list of subscribers obtained. Deduct the 20 cents commission from all yearly subscriptions, and 40 cents from all three year subscriptions, and remit the balance to us either in stamps or postoffice money order.

Be sure and write plainly your name and address. Also be careful to write plainly the names of all subscribers, giving the state, city or village, county, street and number, or R. F. D. route.

This is by far the largest prize offer ever given by **Vick's Magazine** for securing subscribers, and the improvements to be made and able articles by well known writers will make it an easy-selling proposition. It will appeal to every lover of flowers, of home and of progress.

Address Prize Editor,
VICK'S MAGAZINE,
DANVILLE, N. Y.

Clever Ways to Do Things

New Ideas on Household Topics

Danger In Umbrellas

My brother was out in a storm recently when a stroke of lightning tore down a telegraph pole near him and jerked the umbrella out of his hand, leaving the arm half-numbed and exceedingly painful. It was certainly a "close call," and proves what many have suspected, that the modern umbrella with its steel frame is simply a miniature lightning-rod dressed up. For once we must own an old-fashioned thing is best; at least the clumsy wooden frame is safer when there is electricity in the air.

But there is a safe-guard; the rubbers, which go naturally with the umbrella in times of braving storms, give their wearer perfect insulation, provided there are no holes in them.—
L. M. C.

A Good Strainer

A milk strainer that strains cleaner than the wire gauze is a cloth sack slipped over a wire frame made a convenient size to set on milk crock as shown in the picture. My frame is eight by ten inches and the small corn meal sacks just fit it.—F. F. V.

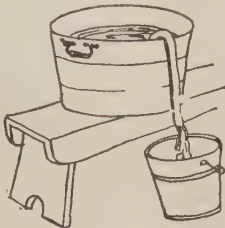


To Keep Away Ants

To keep away those troublesome tiny red ants, dust the shelves of the cupboard with ground black pepper occasionally and let it stay on them. Your visiting ants will take the hint and stay away.—
W. H. C.

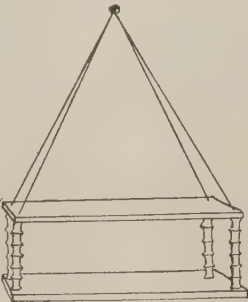
An Easy Way to Empty Tubs

One summer when I was doing my own washing I found an easy way to empty a tub of water without having to lift the tub or dip the water out. I took a piece of rubber hose about two yards long, immersed all of it in the water I wished to empty, applied my finger closely to one end of the hose to keep the air out while I lowered that end below the level of the tub, then removed my finger, and the water flowed out of the tub. It works on the principle of a syphon.—
M. K.



An Inexpensive Bookshelf

Remove the sides and ends from a wooden box or take any two thin pieces of light board that are of the right size and thickness, and bore small holes in each corner of both boards. Then through the holes in one piece string four wires and thread on them empty spools so as to divide the shelves as shown in the picture. When you have done this, and passed the wires through the holes in the lid, fasten them and extend up to picture hooks. If you wish the shelves to stand on table or bureau, glue spools on the four bottom corners for feet, or large brackets may be used to hold the shelf on the wall. Paint the whole thing with enamel of a nice color, and you have a charming little bookshelf.—G. L. R.



Rompers for the Children

I want to tell busy mothers of small children how I dress my little ones in the summer time. For the outside garment I make what are called rompers, using cotton covert cloth, or heavy, blue twilled shirting, either of which wears and washes well.

The garment consists of a waist and little trousers in one piece. The front of the trousers is gathered on a yoke; in the back they are buttoned to the waist by a belt



which extends around and buttons in front. Some are gathered into a band below the knee, bloomer fashion, but I prefer them to reach the ankle thus saving the stockings. Three of these little suits will keep an ordinary child neat and clean and all that is necessary underneath is a light union suit. A child dressed in this way can climb, run, and play in the dirt, be comfortable and happy and the mother need not worry about soiled aprons, dresses, skirts and trousers to say nothing about the time it takes to make them. Try my plan this summer.—H. C.

Inexpensive Furnishing

Sometimes a furniture dealer will order for you what are called "unfinished" pieces of furniture, which are much cheaper than the varnished ones. I like to get these and stain them in dull colors that suit the room I am furnishing. What are really common kitchen pieces,—pine tables, etc., can be stained a dull green and will make a neat dining-room set.—P. G.

Sickroom Conveniences

To Keep Sheets Smooth.—In case of sickness or an invalid, who has to stay in bed, I find it a good idea to have a buttonhole worked in each corner of the sheets, and buttons to correspond sewed to the mattress. This keeps the lower sheet smooth and does away with the usual necessary pinning.—E. B. W.

A Roller for Soft Linen Scraps.—So many of these are needed in a sickroom, often quickly and unexpectedly, that I have adopted the plan of tacking the ends of long, wide strips of old linen lightly together and rolling them smoothly upon one of the paper tubes, used to enclose maps, drawings or engravings. I draw a strong bit of twine through the roller and hang it up somewhere near the bed in an

inconspicuous place, and when I need a soft, clean bit of linen I do not need to hunt for it, or to find it at last, all crumpled and rough.—Nurse.

Shoes and Overshoes

To Keep Shoes New.—Wipe off all dust, then wash the shoes in milk. When the milk dries, polish with a dry flannel cloth. This will keep them new and soft and they will not crack.—M. E. H.

To keep overshoes looking like new, and make them wear longer, wash thoroughly, and when dry, apply a little vaseline and rub briskly with a soft cloth.—R. I. H.

Uses for Large Bottles

To Hold Tomatoes.—We never can find or buy enough cans or jars to hold all the tomatoes we wish to use through winter, for our whole large family are very fond of them. One member of the family was an invalid a long time, and there were several cases of half-gallon Lithia water and other sorts of large bottles in the house one summer. When I had filled all the jars I thought of these bottles.

I found plenty of corks that fitted them tightly, bought some wax and set to work putting up my tomatoes in bottles. I had to cook them more of course, than when jars were used, because only small pieces and liquids would go through the necks of the bottles, but for making soups, fricassees, etc., these bottled tomatoes will be as nice as any oth-

ers. A good many bottles I filled with catsup, too.—G. M.

Bottles Used as Jars.—Saturate a thick woolen string with kerosene or turpentine and twist it tightly and smoothly around a large bottle just below the slope of the neck. Fill the bottle with water and set it in a basin of water that will cover the glass nearly to the string. Touch a lighted match to the string and the blaze will quickly fly around the bottle, severing its top smoothly. Tip it over in the water if the top does not crack off at once. Thus you will have a nice little jar for jellies.—K. L.

We are exclusive Mail Order Agents for O. G. Conn Band Instruments

A Word to Bandmen

We can suit your pocket. Four grades of Band Instruments at four prices. No House in America offers equal opportunities to Bandmen contemplating the purchase of instruments or supplies.

First—Because we are exclusive Mail Order Agents for the genuine O. G. Conn Band Instruments, awarded Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition, and endorsed by every famous band leader and soloist in the world. We are now offering a limited number of 1901 Model Conn Conn-queror Bb Cornets; regular price \$60, for \$26.70.

Second—Because we handle the Corlay genuine French imported line of Band instruments unequalled in points of merit, and acknowledged leader of imported instruments. Price of Corlay Bb Cornet with double water key, highly polished brass finish, splendid action and tone, \$15.90. Other instruments in proportion.

Third—Because we handle the Bourmont imported light action instruments. The most popular grade of medium priced goods used by bandmen in this country. Price of Bourmont Bb Cornet in brass highly polished \$8.35. Other instruments in proportion.

Fourth—Because we offer you our Harcourt imported instruments at unheard of prices, meeting any and all competition. This is our cheapest line, and the best value ever offered at such figures. Price of Harcourt Bb Cornet in brass highly polished \$5.85. Other instruments in proportion.

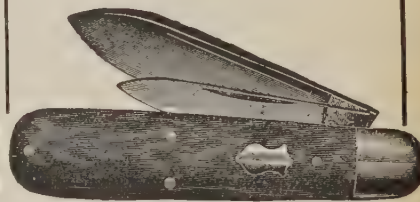
You are personally invited to inspect our unequalled display of CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS the next time you visit Chicago.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET THE BEST NOW. Your chances for success as a soloist depend largely upon the quality of your instrument. Write for detailed information concerning any instrument in the Conn line. We will equip your band at special prices. Write for our catalog and further particulars.

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Hints on the Summer's Saving

Remodeling Garments.—Children's dresses that are outgrown may be lengthened by letting out tucks, or hems, or by adding ruffles. Waists may be made larger by inserting strips of lace or embroidery in front and back, by adding belts and yokes to lengthen them, and the sleeves may have long cuffs or be left short, with a ruffle at the elbow.

White dresses that have become yellow by being laid away starched may be made beautifully white by boiling in a suds of some good washing powder and then rinsing as usual and hanging in the sunshine to dry.

White waists that are somewhat out of date may be converted into very serviceable dressing sacks by adding a ruffle to the lower edge and one to the shortened sleeves. Cut off the neck-band and add a deep turn-over collar, or a ruffle of lace, letting it extend down the front opening.

Some white waists may be made over into very pretty corset covers by cutting out the sleeves and the neck, and trimming with lace or embroidery.

Faded lawn dresses may be given a new lease of usefulness by coloring them. Boil in strong suds first to remove the color and then dye according to directions on the package.—R. E. M.

Infants' Kimonos.—In making an infant's kimono, avoid the rolling collar. Around the short neck of a tiny babe the bulky collar pushes up against the ears

forcing them forward, and as the baby's head often rests on them in that position, this causes a deformity.—Mrs. C. M. G.

White Cuffs and Oversleeves.—Many people use the oversleeves for every day use, but few think of making dainty white ones to wear over the white shirt-waist sleeve when traveling or working. White waists are worn universally, summer and winter, and they have to be laundered constantly because the underside of the sleeve quickly soils. Make oversleeves to come to the elbow, with a tight buttoned cuff at the wrist, and you will look neat, yet save your waists and laundry bill.—Mrs. A. A. W.

A Neat Home Dress.—Select an old wool skirt that is too short, shabby, or out-of-date to wear on the street or calling. Make a fitted waist of lining, like a corset waist, and sew your skirt to this by facing it upon the right side with a piece of the skirt or something as near like it as you have. Make a placket opening in the first seam to the left, closed with a hook and eye, and your skirt is ready. Most woolen dresses will wash fairly well if they are not lined. Now cut the bottoms from your old skirt waists and sew on bands that will just fit neatly over your waist to the skirt band, and you have a good neat dress. If your shirt waists are too light make some new ones like this. They are easy to make, easy to wash and look much neater on a stout figure than a wrapper. There is no parting at the waist line on such a home dress and no safety pins to show.—J. J.

Clever Masculine Ideas

To Saw Tin Without Shears or Snips

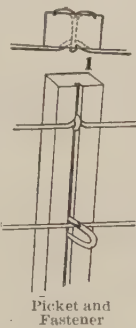
Sometimes tin must be cut for flashings and similar work when the worker has no snips or shears. In such cases take a piece of board, as shown in the etching, and cut into one end of it for about two feet with a rip saw. Place the saw in this cut as shown, with tin front of it. Hard, even pressure on the saw will cut the tin as easily as with a pair of snips.



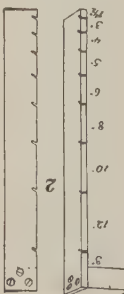
To Cut Tin

An Inexpensive Fence

One of our subscribers has furnished the following idea for a fence which seems very inexpensive, practical and simple enough for any one to build easily. The fence as it looks when built is shown at the foot of the page. For a four foot fence, the posts are four by four inches and seven feet long, two and one-half feet of which length is buried in the ground, leaving four and one-half feet in length exposed and are spaced sixteen feet apart. The wires are No. 9 gauge, top and bottom, and 11 gauge intermediate, the pickets are one by one and one-half inches and four feet three inches in length with a groove sawed one-fourth of an inch deep with a circular saw on one of the one and one-half inch sides, as shown in Fig. 1 and are spaced two feet apart. The wires may be spaced as shown below, or as desired by the person building the fence, but for neatness a gauge should be made to space the wires properly at each post, which can be done by sawing notches in a board at the proper distances. A block should be screwed to the top as shown in Fig. 2, to hang on the post, so that both hands may be left free for stapling the wires. The pickets should also be marked to correspond with the post gauge on the grooved side with a chalk line, as shown in Fig. 3. The wire is usually sold by the pound.



Picket and Fastener



Marker



Marking pickets

the gum and ink solution, holding heat for five minutes. Add the isinglass and stir while cooling. To use, put as much as required in a saucer and heat to render it fluid. Apply a thin coat with dry sponge or soft brush and dry quickly.—A. R.

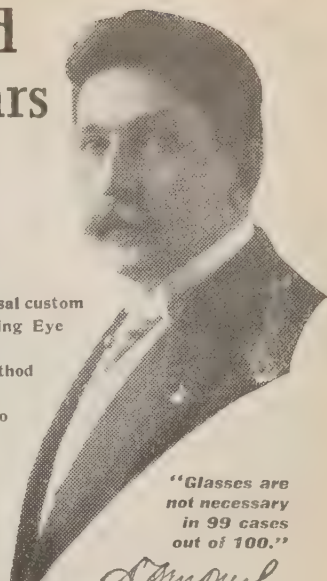
The No. 9 wire weighs about thirty-six pounds per thousand feet, No. 11 wire, about twenty-three pounds per thousand feet. One and one-fourth inch staples should be used for the pickets, and one and one-half or two inch staples for posts, according to the usage the fence will have. The wire should be stretched by hand but not tightly as stapling the pickets takes up the slack. The wire should be stapled to the posts the whole length of the fence before putting on the pickets which should be fastened as shown in Fig. 1. The brading of the wire by the staple prevents the picket from slipping out of place and takes up the slack. If a three-foot fence is required the pickets should be spaced eighteen inches apart. For a thousand feet of four-foot fence as shown in picture the material required would be sixty-four posts 450 pickets, 140 pounds of No. 11 wire, seventy-five pounds of No. 9 wire, 800 large staples and 4,500 small ones.—N. A.

Polish For Harness

Glue four ounces, vinegar one and one-half pints, powdered gum arabic two ounces, black ink one-half pint, is in glass one-fourth ounce. Break the glue in fine pieces and put in a dish. Pour on it one pint of the vinegar, and let stand till perfectly soft.

In another vessel dissolve the gum arabic in the ink. Melt the isinglass in as much water as will cover it, in a water bath. Now pour the remaining vinegar on the softened glue and place at gentle heat, stirring until perfectly dissolved. Do not boil or burn it. Next add

I Have Devoted Twenty-Six Years to the Study of Eye Diseases



TWENTY-SIX years ago it was the universal custom of Oculists to use the knife in treating Eye Diseases.

Most of them practice the same method today.

If your eyes are failing you and you go to one of these doctors, nine times out of ten he will want to put glasses on you, or he will tell you an operation is necessary.

If you have Cataracts forming on your eyes he will tell you to wait until you go blind and then he will cut it out.

"Will this restore my sight?" you ask.

Well, he won't promise anything, but after suffering the tortures of an operation and being confined in a dark room in a hospital for from one to four weeks, if inflammation does not set in and destroy your eyes, you may have a fair amount of vision.

It is a great risk and you take your chances.

In the early years of my practice I became dissatisfied with these methods.

I studied the cause of eye diseases and found that in 99 cases out of 100 glasses are not necessary and that the knife is never a cure in any case.

I found that most eye diseases, when not caused by an injury, are invariably the result of eye strain.

Eye strain is the result usually of wrong habits—improper use and abuse of the eyes.

It may be unsuspected—it usually is—but it does its work just the same, causing an irritation and congestion of all the nerves and muscles, resulting in all kinds of eye troubles and diseases.

Working along this line I have perfected a treatment for the eyes—a treatment which removes the cause and restores the eyes to their normal functions—a treatment which can be used by any one in his own home.

It is mild and absolutely harmless and by its use I have cured patients in all parts of the world.

I have written and published a book—cloth bound, illustrated—which tells all about eye diseases—all about eye strain.

It tells many valuable truths about the care of the eye—which I have learned during my 26 years' experience.

If you have any disease or trouble with your eyes, you will be interested in every page and every line of this book.

It also contains 100 letters from people whom I have cured, with their pictures and correct addresses.

The truthfulness of every testimonial I publish is guaranteed by my offer to give \$1,000.00 in Gold to any Charitable Institution if any one can show any one of them is not true and genuine.

Write me a full description of your case or that of any member of your family who may have any eye trouble. Give all the particulars as near as you can in your own words.

In reply I will send you one of my books and a letter of advice absolutely free of all expense or any obligation.

My time is valuable and my book is valuable. I want to help those who are afflicted and will do so if they write to me, but I have no time for the curious—hence a mere request for my book will receive no attention.

My opinion based on twenty six years experience, ought to be valuable. Don't you think so?

Well, it is free to you if you write. Address

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THIS ELEGANT SUIT CASE FREE EVEN IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT A SUIT MADE BY US



BY VINCENT M. COUCH

Mr. Couch will answer in these pages any questions of general interest on Poultry topics sent to him in care of Vick's Magazine. Letters requiring personal replies should enclose self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

If your fowls or chicks are closely confined in yards, so that they cannot get a good supply of bugs, worms and insects, you should supply this deficiency by giving them meat in some form. A regular but moderate feed of meat assists in keeping the poultry in prime condition. It is an egg-making material and a natural food for all poultry.

For covered runs to the chicken coops, for shelter during storms, or as protection against heat during the middle of the day, nothing is better or is cheaper than muslin. It allows the heat of the sun to enter almost as readily as through glass, and does not radiate the heat away as does glass. It may be rendered waterproof by a coat of pure linseed oil, or, if drawn tight in a vertical position, it will turn water without preparation.

In studying poultry notes do not confound the name Venetian red with oxide-of-iron red. Venetian red, sometimes called light red, contains little, if any, iron, while the other reds mentioned are more or less composed of oxide or, more

keep a number of coops, or boxes, in different parts of the yard for the chicks to get under when a storm comes up.

Handling Broody Hens.

The best and quickest way to break up broody hens and get them to laying again is to remove them from the nest when they first show signs of becoming broody. If they are left on the nest for several days the desire to remain there increases, and they will be much more obstinate about giving it up, than if they had been promptly removed.

Some find it difficult to break hens from sitting, and seem to have an idea that they must be tortured in order to make them give up. Ducking them in cold water and shutting them up in dark places without food or water for several days are treatments some people give. It is also a common thing to find half a dozen or more hens shut in a close box in the corners to avoid being picked by the more domineering hens. Scrub stock



Adopting the Motherless

correctly, peroxide of iron. Some contain over seventy per cent of iron and are known in the trade as oxide-of-iron paints. This is the article that has the tonic property and the kind to give fowls. By tasting the water in which it has been placed and which is quite harmless, anyone can find out whether he is using Venetian red or the oxide-of-iron red.

At this season of the year storms are apt to come up very suddenly, and if there is no shelter provided for the chicks some of them will suffer. Chicks raised in a brooder are more apt to get caught out in a rain storm than those running with a hen. I have known them to crowd together in some corner a foot or more deep, and when the storm is over many of them are apparently dead. A number of them may be revived by immediate immersion in a vessel of warm water, and subsequent immersion in woolen cloths kept warm for a while. Or, placing them in a warm brooder will bring many of them to life. I usually

may survive such treatment, but with good birds there is an actual loss to the owner from it.

It is not necessary to resort to cruel methods to break a hen from sitting. Unless the conditions, which cause her to want to sit have been changed she will very quickly become broody again. These conditions cannot be changed by force. When a hen becomes broody, it means that the egg-producing capacity of her system for the time being has become exhausted, and that recuperation is needed. A practice that is recommended by some breeders to break up a hen and at the same time have her in good condition to go to laying again in a short time, is to place one or two eggs under her, letting her sit for five or six days and feeding her the same as if she were sitting on thirteen eggs. At the end of this time place her in a coop with a slatted bottom raised a few inches from the ground, for a couple of days, and she will quickly lose all desire to brood and will very soon be laying again.

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In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Write right now. Address **MARK H. JACKSON, 90 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.** Mr. Jackson is responsible Above statement true. Pub.

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GOOD LUCK

Do You Want Good Luck?

Do you desire to know how you may be fortunate in life, successful in business and prosperous financially? Is it your desire to have everything to come your way? I have thousands of letters from people who were unlucky in everything and are now having good luck and are prosperous in all their undertakings. Send your name and address to **Captain Rand** and he will tell you all about it; it will cost you nothing to write him, and it may result in your fortune and future happiness. **CAPTAIN WALTER I. RAND, 175 C. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.** This is not astrology or fortune telling.

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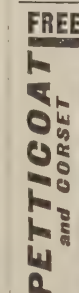
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If broody hens are shut away at once in coops they should be placed by themselves where there is plenty of light and where they will be comfortable, and have food and water at the regular time. The main thing is to feed and care for the hens so that they will be filled with new life and vitality, thereby saving time in getting them to laying again.

Colors of Chicks When First Hatched.

The strange colors of chicks when first hatched have caused a good many complaints to be made to breeders from whom the eggs were purchased. I have thought some times that it might save a good deal of trouble and annoyance in this matter if breeders would state in their circulars a notice as to the color of the chicks when first hatched. A good many people, and especially beginners, expect that when they buy eggs for hatching from a white breed they will get chicks that are pure white from the start, and that if the eggs are from a breed that is solid black the chicks will be that color when they come from the shell.

In but a few cases does the down of the chick indicate the real colors of the adult fowl. In a few cases it bears quite close resemblance to it. For instance, in white varieties the chickens are usually white or creamy white when first hatched. But in white Plymouth Rocks many of the chicks will appear sooty or of bluish or gray color, and these chicks are almost invariably the whitest-plumaged birds in the lot when matured. They are usually free from the objectionable yellow which breeders have to contend with in the yellow-skinned birds.

In black varieties the chickens when hatched are almost invariably white and black, sometimes more white than black. The most white is generally found upon the top of the head, on the tips of the wings and the breast and lower parts. Frequently the chicks from a black variety that is largely white when hatched turn the most lustrous green-black when matured; while the solid, or nearly solid, black chickens usually develop into dull black fowls, some times with more or less red in the plumage.

In the buff and the red varieties the newly hatched chickens are of similar colors to their parents, though in Buff Leghorns there are sometimes chicks with stripes down their backs. I have had Rhode Island Red chicks that were almost pure white when hatched, but most of them have a red cast. The Light Brahma chicks are creamy white all over; the Dark Brahmas are generally of a bluish gray hue, with or without stripes. Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Golden and Silver Hamburgs and other breeds of newly hatched chicks run in various shades.

These few illustrations will show the great dissimilarity in color of the down of little chickens and the feathers of the parent fowls.

How Much and What to Feed.

I am often asked, "how much food shall I give my hens?" and it is a difficult question to answer satisfactorily. For when we consider that no two fowls have the same appetite, or eat the same quantity of food, we see readily that a rule is not easily made. My rule for a full feed of mash is to give all the fowls will eat up clean and quick, say in fifteen to twenty minutes; but I seldom give a full feed of mash, except when I feed the mash for the night ration; then I give all they will clean up in twenty to twenty-five minutes. If it is grain that is to be fed, and this is given in a heavy litter, I would say, one quart to a dozen medium-sized fowls. But if this quart of grain is not given until just before roosting time, not more than half of it will be eaten at that time; the rest will remain in the litter to be scratched out next morning, hence the hens will not get a full feed, or perhaps, what they require to carry them comfortably through the night. Four ounces of solid food has been given as an estimate of what a hen requires in one day, not only for the egg supply but also for nourishment and repair of waste tissue. A hen that is not laying requires less food than one that is producing eggs continually and there is quite a difference in the habits and characteristics of the several breeds.

A kind of food and a certain quantity that would meet the requirements of one fowl, will not give good results with another. Those of the Mediterranean class, until quite old, seldom eat enough to become overfat, but with the Brahmas and others of that class it is different.

One of the principle points in feeding is to know what to give. The substances known as nitrogen (for flesh) and carbon (for fat) are the two main things required. Clover, lean meat, beans, etc. are of the former class; while fat and corn are the principle ones of the latter. If you find that your hens are too fat, give more scalded, fine-cut clover hay, and lean meat. On the other hand, if they are thin, add a little more corn, or corn meal, to the ration. An overfat hen, as a rule, does not lay well, but soon becomes egg-bound, breaks down and is likely to be unprofitable as a layer from that time on. Hens that are heavily fed will soon lay or become fat, and if they are two or three years old and of the heavy breeds, it is best to feed carefully. Give them plenty of meat, oats, barley and clover and other bulky foods, and less corn.

The Columbian Wyandotte.

A comparatively new variety of Wyandotte, but a worthy candidate for favor among pure bred poultry. It is a clean-cut bird all around and true to the Wyandotte shape. The color and markings are similar to those of a Light Brahma. A very handsome and useful bird that dresses free from unsightly pin feathers, and is round and plump as could be desired. For eggs it is claimed that this strain equals or excels other varieties both in number and size of eggs. Alive or dressed it has many good features, and for an all-purpose fowl little more could be asked.

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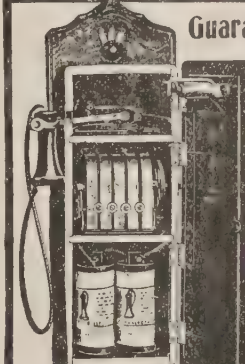
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Grocers as a rule are honest, trustworthy men who would not consciously mislead you. Whenever one of them

advises you to take loose grocery store coffee, instead of Arbuckles' ARIOSIA, he doubtless believes he is doing you a favor, whereas he is really depriving you of the most wholesome and delicious beverage that you can buy, something better than anything else he can sell you for the price. The sales of Arbuckles' ARIOSIA Coffee exceed the sales of all other package coffees in the United States combined, and the business of Arbuckle Bros. exceeds that of the four next largest concerns in the world, simply because the public actually receives better coffee for their money in Arbuckles' ARIOSIA than they can buy in any other way.

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Dining-room and Kitchen Notes

SUBSTANTIAL EVERYDAY COOKERY

Lettuce

Crisp, fresh heads of lettuce are decorative as well as toothsome. The leaves used as a garnish as well as for salads give any meal a tempting appearance, and make a table look bright. Besides using it in its fresh state, if the leaves or heads are not perfect, we often chop them lightly with a sharp knife and scald with hot vinegar to which a lump of butter, a sliced onion, a half teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, and a dash of pepper have been added. When garnished with rings of hardboiled eggs, the dish is attractive and well relished.—G. M. L.

To Keep Vegetables Fresh.—Lettuce, endive, and other vegetables of similar nature, may be kept fresh a long time, if they are first sprinkled with water and then inclosed in a tightly covered pail.—M.

Salad Dressings

French Dressing.—One tablespoonful of vinegar; three of olive oil, one saltspoonful of salt, one of pepper, and a little scraped onion if desired.—W. M.

Boiled Dressing.—I have not yet seen this, my favorite dressing, in Vick's Magazine: four teaspoonfuls of sugar; one half teaspoonful, or less, of pepper; one half teaspoonful of ground mustard, one half teaspoonful of salt.

Mix thoroughly then cream with two heaping teaspoonfuls of butter and add yolks of two eggs. Add last, rather slowly, half a cupful of good vinegar. Set the vessel containing ingredients in a pan of boiling water on the range and stir until the mixture thickens. This dressing can be set aside in a glass jar and will keep well a long time. It is delicious on crisp shredded cabbage or lettuce leaves.—G. L.

Nice Dressing.—Take a yolk of a hard-boiled egg, rub it through a sieve and put into a bowl with the yolk of a raw egg, salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of prepared mustard. Stir one way with a wooden spoon, adding slowly and alternately one gill of sweet oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Finish with a tablespoonful of chopped herbs, parsley, celery tops and chives.—W. M.

Pie-Plant Wine for Hay-Makers

Take four-quarts of rhubarb stalks, cut into inch pieces wash, but do not peel; cover with water, stew and strain. Dilute one half with cold water and sweeten to taste. This is a healthful drink and cheaper than lemonade.—Mrs. P. J. L'A.

Strawberry Dishes

Strawberry Sherbet.—Boil for twenty

minutes two cupfuls of sugar and three cupfuls of water; remove from fire and add three cupfuls of strawberry juice and the juice of two lemons. Pour into a can packed in ice and salt, then, just before freezing, add one cupful of milk. Freeze, and serve in cups with strawberries on top.—M. M.

In Canning Strawberries, to keep them from being, flabby, seedy and colorless, select only good sound fruit as you would for preserving and let it stand overnight in layers with sugar generously sprinkled through. Then, after canning, seal the jars and lay them on their sides for twenty-four hours. This will keep fruit and juice from separating in the usual unappetizing way.—B. B.

Another Way.—Last year, for the first time, we tried canning strawberries without cooking. Take equal weight of berries and sugar, stir and mash thoroughly, then let them stand three or four hours, stirring them up occasionally. Scald your cans, covers and rubbers; fill and seal as usual, then dip the top of the can in paraffine. These are very rich and when used for short cake, it is better to add an equal amount of cream or rich milk. Served with whipped cream they are delicious.—Mrs. A. B. J.

Delicious Strawberry Jam.—To each pound of fruit add three-fourths of a pound of sugar put in a granite or porcelain lined kettle, cook about twenty minutes. Have your cans scalded and just when you are ready to put them in, add for each quart of jam one pint of fresh uncooked berries stir in thoroughly and seal at once. The flavor is just like that of fresh fruit.—Mrs. A. B. J.

Fruit Sponge.—Soak one half-cup of gelatine in cold water for several hours, then pour enough boiling water over it to dissolve it. Scald a pint of rich milk, add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and half a cupful of sugar, letting it boil one minute. Remove from the fire and stir into it, using an egg beater, the stiff whites of four eggs and one teaspoonful of flavoring. When it begins to stiffen, pour half of it into a mold and set on ice until quite stiff, then spread over it a thick layer of chopped pineapple, sliced bananas or peaches, or any desired fresh berries. Finish with another layer of the sponge and place upon ice until hard. Turn out into a handsome dish and heap whipped cream upon it.—Mrs. H. L. M.

Tender Pie Crust

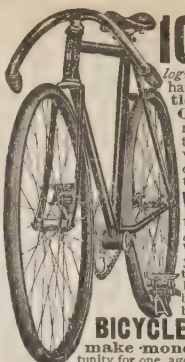
Mix your shortening as usual, then here's for the secret: Take a fork and toss the mixture up and down as you pour in the very little water needed to moisten it. Result,—tender, flaky pie-crust. Mix in the liquid for all kinds of biscuit, just the same way and they will be very tender.—Mrs. E. F.

Dainty Trifles

Queen's Puffs With Honey Sauce.—One pint of sweet milk, five tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of five eggs, the whites of three eggs, four teaspoonfuls of melted butter, half a saltspoonful of salt. Whip the whites very stiff and stir in the yolks beaten light. Use an egg beater for mixing and add half the flour next, then the butter, the milk and the remaining flour. Have nine small cups warm and well buttered, and divide the mixture between them. Bake forty-five minutes in a rather warm oven, or until they are a rich brown tint. Remove to saucers and pile with honey sauce. To make this sauce, whip one pint of cream until stiff, then add to it gradually the stiff whites of two eggs and one pound of fine white comb honey, cut into small bits.

Place this sauce upon ice until ready to serve.—H. L. M.

Lemon Fritters.—Beat the yolks of five eggs with half a cupful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, grated nutmeg, a pinch of cinnamon and salt. Stir in one-half a cupful of sweet cream or milk, one teaspoonful of yeast powder and flour enough to roll batter out. Cut in small cakes and fry in hot lard. Serve with cream or lemon sauce.—W. L. A.



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I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money matters. **HIRAM GUNTHER.**

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you, I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you? **GRACE KARINTH.**



NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

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BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905.
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The Home Laundry

To Remove Stains

An important preliminary on washing
day is to see that all stains are removed
from linens and clothing before soap and
hot water are applied. These methods
have been contributed to this department
by practical housewives and are well
tested.

Rust and Fruit Stains.—To remove rust
from white goods, saturate the place
with lemon juice, and rub well with
common salt. Leave the article lying
in the sun, covered with the salt for an
hour and then wash in cold water.
Sometimes two or three applications of
the lemon and salt will be needed.—M.
R.

Ink Spots.—Red ink stains can be re-
moved by covering them completely with
melted tallow which should be left on
for two days, at least, and then washed
out with very hot, clear rain water, with-
out soap. Wash afterwards in the usual
way.

Black ink spots may be removed by
washing the fabric in sweet milk until
the stains are faint, then in cold water.
If this does not entirely remove them
wet the fabric over the stain, apply salts
of lemon, and lay it in the sun. I have
known an application of tomato-juice
and salt to entirely remove troublesome
ink spots.—W. H. C.

Blood Stains.—Saturate with kerosene
for a few moments, wash in cold water,
then as usual.—W. H. C.

Mildew.—Soak in sour milk before
washing. Chloride of lime, well diluted
and used carefully, is also good.—G. N.

Axle-grease.—Mix a small amount of
turpentine, with enough lard to cover the
spot, and rub with the hands until the
axle-grease is removed, not using any
water until it all comes out. Then make
a strong soap suds and wash the goods.
This has been tested.—M. E. B.

Scorch Marks.—Bake an onion, press
out the juice and mix it with an ounce
of fuller's earth, a little vinegar, and a
little shredded soap. Heat until the
soap has melted, let cool and apply to
the linen. After it has dried wash in
the usual way.—E. N.

To Set Colors.

If you will soak all garments that you
fear will fade in strong salt water, or
alum water, before washing, and then
use a little Epsom salts in your starch,
you will find that the color, in most
cases is as bright as before washing.
This method will not give as much
trouble as M. C. A. has with her sugar
of lead in washing blue goods.—W. H. O.

Washing Made Easy

Washing is the roughest item in my
little world, so I try to make it as easy
as I can. First I fill the boiler two-
thirds full of water and add one-half a
teacupful of salsoda, as the water is hard
here, and I like the soda better than lye.
Then I shave half bar of common laun-
dry soap into the water and let it begin
to boil and stir till the soap is dissolved.
Then I pour it into tub, put in all white
clothes, press down well under the suds
and cover with something thick and
heavy to keep in all steam. Next I fill
the boiler again, as full as it is needed
for boiling the clothes, and prepare the
water the same way as at first. After
this is done I go about my morning
work, letting the clothes soak until my
dishes are put away, the beds airing,
etc., an hour or more maybe, then I
uncover the tub and get to work. You
would be surprised to see how easily the
clothes can be washed. The dirt just
seems to drop out and, best of all, coffee
and tea stains have disappeared as if by
magic. The rest of the process is the
same as in any other method, as to boil-
ing, rinsing, bluing, etc. The first
steaming process is the only secret of
sweet, white clothes easily done.—M. M.

Another Well Tested Method

The woman who does her own washing
can save time and strength by using a
washing fluid prepared as follows: One
can of potash, one ounce of ammonia
crystals, one ounce of salts of tartar, one
gallon of boiling water. Pour the water
on the potash, which has been placed in

(Continued on page 42)

**To Get More Strength
from Your Food**

LOTS of people are starving with
a full stomach.

You know, it's not how much
we Eat, but how we Digest that
makes us Strong, or Brainy, or Successful.

When the Bowels are filled with undi-
gested food we may be a great deal
worse off than if we were half starved for
want of Food.

Because, food that stays too long in the
Bowels decays there, just as if it stayed
too long in the open air.

Well, when food decays in the Bowels,
through delayed and overdue action, what
happens?

The millions of little Suction Pumps
that line the Bowels and Intestines then
draw Poison from the decayed Food,
instead of the Nourishment they were
intended to draw.

This Poison gets into the blood and,
in time, spreads all over the body, unless
the Cause of Constipation is promptly
removed.

That Cause of Constipation is Weak,
or Lazy, Bowel Muscles.

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby
they need Exercise to strengthen them—
not "Physic" to pamper them.

There's only one kind of Artificial
Exercise for the Bowel-Muscles.

Its name is "CASCARETS," and its
price is Ten Cents a box.

Cascarets act like Exercise on the
Muscles of the Bowels, and make them
stronger every time they force these
Muscles to act naturally.

The stronger these Muscles propel the
food, the stronger does the friction of the
food act on the flow of Digestive Juices.

The more of these Juices that act on
food, the more Nutriment does that food
turn into, and the richer nourishment do
the little Suction Pumps of the Intestines
draw out of it.

It needs only one Cascaret at a time
to stimulate all the Bowel-Muscles enough,
without purging, discomfort or loss of
nutrition.

So, if you want the same natural
action that a six-mile walk in the country
would give you, (without the weariness)
take one Cascaret at a time, with intervals
between, till you reach the exact condi-
tion you desire.

One Cascaret at a time will properly
cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue,
thus proving clearly its ready, steady,
sure, but mild and effective action.

A coming Headache can be warded off,
in short order, by a single Cascaret, and
the cause removed.

Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-risings
in the throat, and Colicky feeling are sure
signs of Bowel trouble from food poisons,
and should be dealt with promptly.

One Cascaret will stop the coming
trouble, move on the Bowel load, and free
the Digestive Juices, if that one Cascaret
is taken as soon as the first signs are
noticed.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket
Cascaret Box with you constantly.

All Druggists sell them—over ten
million boxes a year, for six years past.

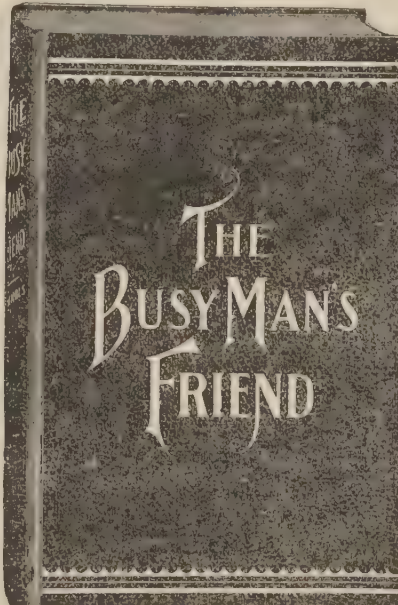
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Checks, How to write, present and endorse.
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forms.
Bill of Exchange.
Banks, How to do business with.
Papers, How to transfer.
Debt, How to demand payment.
Change, How to make quickly.
Wealth, How to obtain.
Money, How to send by mail.
Difficulties, How to settle by arbitration.
Arbitration.
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Fate and Daisies

(Continued from page 4.)

That night I had more than a sight of the best society. I mingled with it, haunted ever by two faces that watched me closely, and those faces were Aunt Larkin's and Lawyer Sands'.

My Aunt Larkin met me with a smile next morning. "Last night was an experiment," she said, with a shrewd glance in her dark eyes.

"Yes," I answered.

"It was a success," she continued, complacently.

I bowed in acknowledgment of her praise.

"You are not handsome," she continued.

"No," I replied.

"But there is something in your face superior to beauty," she pursued. "Rob sees it. I should say Kirke Sands was not blind to it."

I did not reply. I was thinking of Kirke Sands.

"Your uncle Dick is his client," continued my aunt. "You can steal a march on him by making Kirke Sands your friend. If you have friends use them."

I remembered Kirke Sands' opinion of my aunt. "She is a rare diplomatist." I began to suspect dimly that she was using me.

"You saw the blond lady in white and pearls at Judge Hart's last night?" inquired my aunt.

"Yes," I replied. There was no woman's face so impressed on my mind as hers, for Kirke Sands was oftenest near it when away from me.

"That was Margaret Clay," explained my aunt. "She will inherit your Uncle Dick's fortune. Rob has feared that Kirke Sands would prove a powerful antagonist in the suit because of his interest in Miss Clay. You know the song:

"Love gave him energy
Love gave him strength;"

and then again,

"Love rules alike in camp and in court."

If you could distract his attention you could checkmate the game. It is worth the trial."

I did not say a word. I was sure my aunt was using me.

"We lose much if we lose this lawsuit," pursued my aunt. "I lose a fine estate, and you lose a good income, and perhaps a husband. I have set my heart on an alliance between you and Rob."

My lip curled. Here, indeed, were possibilities for the fulfillment of the daisy prophecy. The lawyer, rogue, and satin dress were not so very far away in my aunt's calculations.

My aunt resumed, explaining our position. "If we fail in this suit there will be retrenchment for me and school-teaching for you."

I smiled. School-teaching was possible. That other—to be the wife of Rob Larkin—was impossible.

A moment after I bent over my writing at Aunt Larkin's desk, but I could not write. I shut up the desk and picked up a book. A few minutes later I laid that aside and took up some sewing. I was soon weary of that, and walked to the window.

Aunt Larkin, standing at the mantle, watched me, and said, as she began to pace the floor: "There isn't any use, Ruth. I have been through all that set of employments, and have come down to this walking of the floor. It's the only thing I can do when I am nervous. You have a vast amount of self-control. I have wondered at you sitting calmly at the desk when in the lower part of the city men are wielding the power that will make us, comparatively speaking, rich women or beggars." She took out her watch with nervous, trembling fingers.

"I should think it was time to hear from Rob," she said, impatiently. "He promised to send a messenger when he knew the decision. I haven't much doubt of the result. We have everything on our side. Even Kirke Sands, the opposing counsel, will not be apt to use his influence against you. His admiration is undisguised, and you have blocked the game for Margaret Clay, completely. Ah! I hear the street door. And it is—yes, it is Rob's step. He has come himself to bring the good news."

She rushed into the hall and met her step-son on the stairs. I bent my ear to listen. I could not catch the words, but

I knew Rob Larkin's bitter, angry tones, and my aunt's incredulous exclamation signified defeat.

They entered the room; Rob Larkin, heated, flushed and indignant; my aunt, incredulous and aghast. "It cannot be!" she was saying, "We had everything on our side."

"But it can be," answered her step-son, bitterly. "We had nothing on our side. To be sure, I thought we were secure, but Sands worked as if all the furies drove him, and he carried the judge right over to his side. Everybody says that Margaret Clay was the motive power."

"I was certain he would work for Ruth," said my aunt, in vexed disappointment. "I have built great expectations on his interest in her."

"Humph!" exclaimed Rob Larkin. "Today's work settles the question of his interest in Margaret Clay. Ah! He's a rogue, is Sands. They say his bargain with Wiggins was tremendous. I believe it was Margaret Clay's hand."

"Well, Ruth," said my aunt, turning to me, "it is as I said. There will be retrenchment for me, and you—"

"I shall return to Uncle Levi's and my school-teaching," I answered, with a bitter smile. The bitterness was not in the school-teaching; I was thinking of Kirke Sands and Margaret Clay.

That evening a servant brought me a card, saying that a gentleman waited for me in the parlor. It was Kirke Sands, and I declined to see him. If the question of his interest in Margaret Clay was settled I had no wish to see him. Next there came a note, asking me to make an appointment for him to call. What had men like him to do with my new sphere? Jake Spear was better suited to it. My answer was brief, decisive and negative. I thought it would accomplish that whereto it was sent.

I was walking down Broadway one rainy day, profoundly meditative, trying to forget the things behind and press forward to things before. The things behind were luxury, refinement and Kirke Sands. They were hard to forget. The things before were the school-house under the hill, the farm-house kitchen, Uncle Levi, Aunt Ann, and Jake Spear. I did not press forward. I dreaded going there on the morrow.

An east wind blowing violently caught my veil and bore it down the pavement. A gentleman coming up stooped to catch it. I fixed my eyes on a shop window in study of its wares to avoid Kirke Sands, but he came to my side.

"Madam, you have lost your veil," he said.

I turned calmly, prepared for the encounter, but the man's face was not calm. "Ruth! Miss Macy!" he exclaimed.

"Fate sent me your veil."

"You are mistaken," I answered, calmly. "It was an east wind."

"Be it so," was his earnest response; "still it is fate. See, it is raining fast!"

It is no day for a woman to be out. Let me order this carriage and take you home, I have much to say to you."

A sudden impulse seized me to hear what this man had to say by way of justification for his "most unaccountable behavior," as Aunt Larkin called it.

He attempted no justification. When we were seated in the carriage his first words startled me: "I believe you are my fate, Miss Macy."

"I think you are mistaken again," I said, trying in vain to speak calmly. "Margaret Clay is your fate, according to public opinion and Aunt Larkin."

"Margaret Clay!" Kirke Sands laughed sarcastically. "A woman with a doll's face and a child's manners. I want a woman. I want you, Ruth Macy. I set public opinion and your aunt Larkin at defiance. Be my wife, Ruth Macy!"

I was gathered unresistingly in the strong man's arms; I had not the heart or wish to say nay.

"Send your aunt to me," he said, as he sprang out of the carriage at Aunt Larkin's door. "You must not go into the country tomorrow."

"Lawyer Sands is waiting to see you in the parlor," I said to Aunt Larkin, as she sat assorting papers.

"Lawyer Sands!" exclaimed my aunt, incredulously. Then her eyes scrutinized my face carefully. "You have been out?" she asked. "What does Lawyer Sands want? What does it mean?"

I vouchsafed her no reply, but walked to the window. There my aunt found me on her return. She was smiling in a satisfied way, but the smile did not cover her astonishment.

"It is a remarkable *denouement*," she said, expressing her astonishment. "But you have done well. Catching Kirke Sands was worthy of a Macy," and her satisfaction gleamed out there. "Of course you must not go into the country," she continued. "Your lover is anxious for a speedy consummation of the affair. The public will be quite taken aback. And I don't wonder! I never dreamed but he was working for Margaret Clay!" So her astonishment vented itself. "I shall give you a wedding!" she exclaimed, after a minute's pause.

"You shall wear satin and point lace. It will be a delightful thing to enjoy the public surprise. I declare you have done a good thing! It's almost a pity that you will cease to be a Macy." So her satisfaction expressed itself.

A bride in white satin, leaning on my husband's arm, I watched the wrappers taken off a bridal gift. It was a brooch—"a pretty bauble," my husband said.

It was more to me. It was a daisy, with the yellow disk of frosted gold and thin, white, pearly petals. It suggested the daisy prophecy—a lawyer, rogue and satin dress. I did not need to look at Jane Spear's card to ascertain the name of the giver. I put it in the case, clasped it tight, and packed it, still later, at the bottom of my wedding gifts. The man who married a dowerless bride for love was not a rogue.

I had been married a year when my aunt Larkin called on me.

"I have been to hear your uncle Dick Wiggins' will read," she said, with an involuntary grimace.

"Ah!" I answered, indifferently. There were few subjects of so little possible interest to me as this man's will.

"You should have been there," continued my aunt, with a sorry attempt at smiling. "It would have done you good to find yourself so remembered."

"I remembered!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," answered my aunt. "You are equal heir with Margaret Clay. It was the price of Kirke Sands' counsel. He played his cards well to defeat us and marry you."

"Who drew up this will?" I asked, with trembling voice.

"Kirke Sands," answered my aunt.

I answered not a word; but I went to the bottom of my bridal gifts that day and fastened the daisy brooch at my throat.

"A pretty bauble," my husband said, as he stooped to kiss me.

"Yes," I answered, with a shiver, "I believe in fate and daisies."

"I will tell you something better to believe," he said.

It was the half of my uncle Dick's fortune. But that morning's sun had risen on a woman a thousandfold richer.

My husband was a lawyer—and a rogue.

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Questions and Comments

By Our Readers.

In this department our various editors, who are authorities in their departments, will answer all questions of general interest addressed to them in care of Vick's Magazine. For personal replies by mail enclose an addressed, stamped envelope.

About Flowers

Violets

Please give me the names of some florists who sell violets in quantity at low rates—Mrs. W. D., N. Y.

The Storrs & Harrison Co., Painesville, Ohio; J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J. and other good firms who advertise in this magazine.

Violet culture is a subject that never seems to be discussed in floral magazines. I wonder why? We find useless repetitions of culture of many common plants. I am much interested in this subject as I hope to grow some violets for next winter—Mrs. H. R. D., Washington.

The pages of this magazine that are devoted to flowers aim to give each month the most important work of the garden to be done in that month for a full supply of all the favorite flowers, but sometimes an item that seems important is crowded out at the last moment in closing the forms, as was the case with the article on sweet herbs last month. April and May are the months in which to procure and plant healthy rooted cuttings of violets. Set them in rows in a semi-shaded place in your yard or garden and cultivate them carefully keeping all runners cut off if you wish strong crowns that will flower well next winter, or allowing several runners to each plant if you wish to increase your stock. Never let them droop for want of water and keep the soil loose about them. A mulch of litter along the rows helps to keep their roots moist and cool. This is the treatment for violets of all sorts up to September 1st. Then, more anon.

Dutch Bulbs

How soon can I cut the tops from tulips, hyacinths and crocuses without injuring the bulbs?—Mrs. F. H., Meadville, Pa.

Not until the leaves turn yellow; but you can lift the bulbs carefully and place them in an out-of-the-way trench to ripen their leaves, then planting flowers where they stood. Or plants like pansies, verbenas, etc., may be set out between them as soon as the bulbs show their tips above soil. Then by the time bulb flowers have faded the other plants will be covering the beds.

Hardy Perpetual Roses

How far apart should these be planted to give the best results?—Mrs. F. H., Pa.

From one and a half to two feet apart, according to variety. Strong bushy growers demand more room.

Asters

How can I keep away root-lice and aster beetles?—Mrs. K. J. G., Wis.

For root-lice wood ashes or a light sprinkling of lime stirred into the soil is a good remedy. Apply and rake it in early in the Spring before the young plants are set out. Watering with strong tobacco-water is also good. The aster beetles must be picked off usually, though they are sometimes poisoned by applications of Paris green or discouraged with kerosene emulsion.

Best Annual Vine for Porches

What is the best annual porch and window vine?—L. M. A., Ga.

Unquestionably the morning glory. Some other pretty and vigorous climbers are the cobaea, scarlet runner bean, and dolichos.

About Vegetables

Please tell us how to care for rhubarb so as to have it from large and healthy stems quickly.—Mrs. T., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Procure good roots and bed them well about a foot apart in rich, deep soil. Stir the ground about them thoroughly and keep down weeds. If your roots were small there will be some stems to cut the second year, plenty of them the third. Large roots give a fair crop the second year. The secret of success in growing rhubarb lies in keeping it well supplied with fertilizers and in good cultivation. Cut out the flower buds as soon as they appear.

Suggestions and Comments.

Tomato Pruning Again

My method is a little different from the one given last month but has the same principle. I begin pruning any early variety as soon as the plants begin to grow top-heavy, setting a four or five-foot stake as near the plants as possible and as firmly. It is better to put in these stakes before the plants are set out. Each stake is provided with short cross pieces, or wires are strung along the row about ten inches apart. In pruning do not touch the center of the plant but pinch out all branches if you want the earliest tomatoes and the largest. It is easy to leave one or two good strong branches near the top if you wish more and later tomatoes. Go over the vines once a week and pinch out every sucker each time and the vines will grow so large and have such large leaves and fruit that you will like the method as well as I do.—Mrs. M. LIVINGSTON, MINN.

Climbing Cucumbers

How many who read this article have ever raised Japanese climbing cucumbers? The plants are as easily grown as the trailing kind. For those who have small garden plots and desire cucumbers for pickling or salads, these are excellent as they take very little room. They are as prolific in bearing and as good in quality as the other varieties. My husband built for the vines a small derrick about five feet high with cross-pieces of lath. The cucumber vines climbed these readily and made a very pretty show of vines. The fruits were easily gathered and quite out of reach of the chickens.—Z. A. M. W., PA.

Rose Cuttings

A great many of my young roses and cuttings died suddenly. Investigation found a grub-worm at the root of nearly every one. The stem, in most cases, had been peeled of its bark and the tender roots cut off. Of course the plant could not live. I attribute so many grub-worms to the liberal use of stable manure among the roses. I insert rose cuttings in sand any time I can get them, always turning a fruit jar over them and, if the weather is very warm, a box is turned over that for a few weeks. In selecting a rose cutting do not expect a branch to grow for a cutting that is not likely to put out fresh shoots on the bush. A branch that will snap off easily without bending and whose buds at each leaf are swelling is a good one for a cutting. I place no importance on getting a cutting near the base of the plant, or on rooting it with a "heel", as the main point is to sever it with a sharp knife, or to break it away so that the bark is not bruised. Cut in a slanting direction as this gives more room for roots to start.—Mrs. C. CAWTHON.

Petunias

If I could have but one flower I believe it would be a petunia, for these plants are so persistent blooming. Even where heavy rains come and bear them to the earth, in a few days they are as bright as ever and they stand the frosts of autumn better than almost any other flower.—S. A. C.



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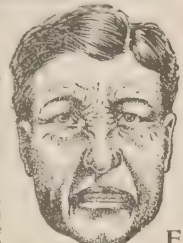
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The Treason of the White Pansy

(Continued from page 8)

Just what the quarrel was about, no one knew, at least no one but the pansies, and they grew so close to the gateposts that they could hardly help hearing. Still, pansies are all eyes. They have no ears to speak of, so that they may not have noticed. But this much is sure, the poor boy, for boy he was then, begged hard for a kind word from his obdurate sweetheart. Whether it was jealousy, or hurt pride, or a little of both, she would not give up to his pleading.

"I wasn't to blame, Emmeline, really I wasn't. When you find out the truth of the whole matter you will say so yourself. You can't mean to spoil our whole lives for such a silly thing—"

"Oh—silly is it? My wishes are silly! If that is the way it looks to you, the sooner we part the better."

"Why Emmy dear! I didn't mean that you were silly, or your wishes either; only that our quarrel seems just a little bit foolish and over nothing. I'm sure you will think better of it tomorrow."

"Indeed, I won't, John Morris! Nos in a thousand tomorrows! I guess that I know my own mind! It isn't me that is fickle and changeable, you'll find out. I'll never never speak to you again after this,—and I hope you have too much sense to be bothering one who would not even give you a word."

"But Emmy—I can't, I won't give you up! I—"

"Well you'll have to, that's all! You'll find that there is one person in the world who can keep her word."

"You will change your mind, Emmy." "Never. I am not in the habit of changing my mind. It don't do any good to talk, so you had better go home."

She turned and went toward the house with her head held very high.

"I'm not changeable either, Emmeline. I can wait, and when you want me you have but to say a word."

"You will never hear the word, sir!"

"I know it is hard to give up, little girl, and it's a hard word to say that means giving up; but you don't need to ever say a word." His hand touched the wilted blossom on his coat, and he drew a hard breath to think how short a time it was since he had made a choice from all the garden and she had fastened it there herself.

"Send me a pansy, and I'll know it is all right, and you needn't fear I will ever even mention our trouble to you; we'll forget it. Just one white pansy, Emmeline, I will know what it means."

"Never!" said Emmeline, and I am afraid that she slammed the door as she went in, to make it more emphatic.

This was many years ago; I will not tell you how many. There were threads of silver in her hair now and her cheeks were not quite so pink as they once were, but she carried her graceful figure as straight as ever and looked much like one of her own pansies, with a sweet, flower face on such a very, very stiff stem! Every one else was gone from the small house now—her parents to their last resting place, her sisters to homes of their own in far away cities,—but if she ever felt lonely no one found it out.

John Morris, too, lived alone, but he knew it would never do, even after all these years to speak the first word to Emmeline. One's toes are often of their own household, and betrayal came from a most unexpected source. One morning when Emmeline went into her garden she saw a most aggravating thing. Right over in the midst of her neighbor's field, where the seed had been carried by some meddlesome mind or careless bird, stretching up its head to catch the sun above the potato vines, grew a pansy. Worse still, at its very top shone a great white blossom, larger than any of its sisters in the crowded beds.

Emmeline's cheeks grew pink enough then with vexation. She cast a searching glance toward the brown roof in the distance and gathered her skirts together for a nimble climb over the boundary fence. She would seize the runaway and

pull it up by the roots before it was discovered. The very idea—one of her white pansies to be growing in John Morris' field!

Over the fence she went, as spry as a girl, and in an instant was bending over the truant with her fingers closing about it.

Just then out of the tall corn came a swiftly moving figure and a strong brown hand prisoned her own and the flower together.

"Sweetheart, have you brought me my pansy?"

It was too sudden! For once in her life, Emmeline was speechless. Besides, how could she deny it? Perhaps it was because she was angry; perhaps it was because she could think of nothing to say, or nothing else to do, but at any rate, she hid her face on the broad shoulder which had waited so long for her and John Morris kept both the hand and the traitorous white pansy who had brought it to him.

Mistakes of Women

One of the mistakes of women is in not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money she does it at the butchers' cost. If she is busy she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes, is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. She doesn't know that hard work tires. If she is exhausted, she will write letters, figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know when to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges. They imagine misfortune and run out to meet it.

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291-293 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

A Tangled Web

(Continued from page 10)

"I am faint-hearted to need encouragement from a cricket."

The door opened, and there was Patty. "I'll come out," she said, "it is so dark in here."

There was no surprise in her voice. It seemed to Paul that she had felt his presence before she saw him.

Patty would have liked to ask him indoors, only then he would have seen how poor her home was.

She was so very glad that she could not find anything to say. But Paul's first words reminded her of her grievance against him.

"I thought I should see you at church again?"

Patty had meant to speak calmly, and like a lady, as she phrased it, but her indignation mastered her. He wanted her to go to church, did he, that he might look at her, and then walk home with Miss Nuna, without so much as turning his head?

"You wouldn't have seen me if I'd gone," she said.

Paul started, the words were so harshly spoken. Patty had turned her head away, but he felt that she was looking vexed.

There was no possible way of guessing at Paul's moods; he was, as Mrs. Fagg would have said, "so touch-and-go." The very cause of offence of one day might on the next be specially pleasing to his fastidious notions; and now, although at the sight of Patty his whole being seemed to go out to her, and though he could hardly restrain the avowal of his passion, these few words, hardly and flippantly spoken, threw him back on himself—almost broke through the charm that had held his senses in thrall.

He stood cold and unmoved. And Patty turned round her head and saw him so standing; and as she really did love him, nature prompted her to do the only thing which could have moved him: she began to cry.

The little quivering sob thrilled through his heart, and in a minute his arms were round her, and she was drawn close to him.

"You sweet little darling, what is it?" he whispered. "You know I couldn't vex you, Patty."

Patty made no effort to free herself. "I thought you'd forgotten me," she sobbed.

The light was very indistinct, but Paul did not want much light to make him see her face. He put one hand under the soft round chin, and raised it.

"You would not have liked me to speak to you before all those people?"

"No," said Patty. She was so happy she would have said anything she thought he wished her to say.

"Of course I knew I should see you here this evening; isn't it much better, eh?"

He bent down and looked into her eyes—looked until his soul seemed to go out at his lips. Somehow they met Patty's.

Even while that first thrilling kiss lingered, a slight but distinct sound made them start asunder—the click of the gate latch.

"It's Father," Patty whispered; and then her keen wits helped her lover. "He can't see us because of the bean-vines; go away over the front palings—go quick!"

Paul would have stood his ground, but there was such terror in her voice that he feared to expose her to her father's anger.

He stepped over the palings; and then he stood waiting till he heard footsteps going towards the cottage.

There was a murmur of voices, but no sounds of anger. He waited yet for some time, but there was no sign of life. He heard the front door shut, and some creaking bolts drawn across it, and then he turned slowly towards the lane again.

Patty had inwardly blessed her father's thrifty ways. He could not see her blushes in the darkness; and the very fact of finding her thus and not, as he expected, burning a candle through the whole evening, put Roger in good humor with her, and made him unsuspicious.

"Well, lass, I'm come home later than I thought, but I'd have been later yet if Mr. Bright hadn't given me a lift; an' I've brought you news you'll like to hear."

"Oh, what's that?" Patty's heart fluttered violently; she longed to run upstairs and realize some of the delight of the last few minutes; it was dreadful to be forced away from the thought of it.

"Well," Roger spoke almost jocularly, "I'm not going to say all on a sudden; I'll make ye guess, lass; there's a visitor coming to see ye."

At any other time Patty must have guessed his meaning, but now she could not even take in his words.

"A visitor? Do you want supper, Father?"

"I'll have a crust," he said; and in the faint glimmer he found his chair and sat down in it, while Patty disappeared into the washhouse.

A little chill fell on her father. We are apt to proportion our notions by the mood in which we view things. If Roger's journey had proved unsuccessful, and if on his return he had found Patty writing a letter by the light of a half-burnt candle, he would have been as cold as usual, and would not have expected any warmth from his child; but he was in singularly bright spirits. Grandmother Wood had died easily, and had left her savings to "her daughter's husband, Roger Westropp, for the use of his only child Martha."

Patty came back with a thin candle in a flat tin candlestick, and then she set a loaf, a fragment of cheese, and a knife on the table.

Roger drew his chair up and ate in silence.

"I may as well have a drink," he said; "I'm thirsty." She fetched him some water, and then she tried to think of something to say.

"How's Grandmother?"

Roger took a draught out of the brown pitcher, and then set it down on the table.

"She's dead! And Patty, she's left all she'd got to leave in trust to me against you're old enough to want it: it beant much, lass, but it 'ull be useful one day."

Patty's eyes brightened for an instant; then a look of disappointment came into her face. She made no answer.

Something in her silent manner struck her father as new and unusual.

He lifted the candle suddenly to his daughter's face, and gave her a keen, searching glance.

Patty did not wince; she had recovered her self-possession, and the very manifestation of her father's suspicion put her on guard to baffle it.



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W J, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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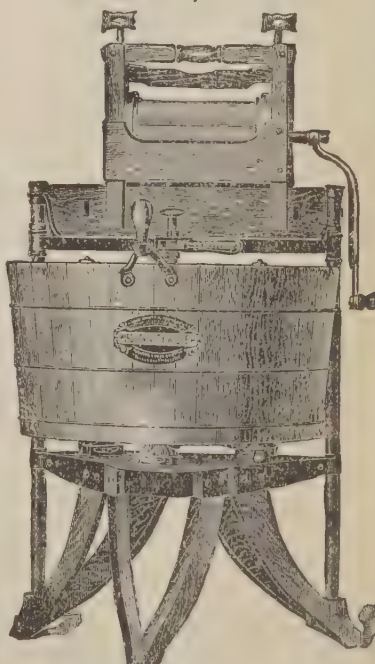
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"What makes ye so quiet, lass? Why don't ye guess who your visitor'll be?" "Is it some one at Guildford?" And then she went on quickly, roused suddenly out of her deadness to outside things by an eager hope: "Is it Miss Patience herself?"

Roger nodded. "I don't see as it can be any other, unless ye've friends in Guildford as I knows naught on. I saw Miss Patience in the street yesterday, and she said she was coming over to Ashton Rectory, tomorrow or next day, to wait on Miss Nuna Beaufort, and she 'ud be glad if you'd go up and see her there."

"You ought to have asked her here," Patty spoke crossly; a vision of Nuna waited on obsequiously by Miss Coppock, with the curtsying manner the milliner observed towards her customers, was disturbing. "Miss Patience can come over all the way from Guildford to wait on that Miss Nuna, and yet she won't take the trouble so much as to walk the length of Wood Lane to see an old friend like me."

Roger paused before he answered; his words were always weighed before he spoke them.

"I did ask the lady to come and see you, and I'll tell you why I did, Patty. You can tell Miss Patience of your grandmother's bounty if you will, but I won't have Jane at the Rectory, nor Clara Briton either, chattering about my affairs; d'ye hear, lass?"

CHAPTER X.

WILL BRIGHT'S PLEADING.

Mr. Bright's impatience had become unbearable during his two days' absence from home; and on Monday morning he drove towards Ashton in a state of mind hard to describe, it was so full of contradiction. It was easy enough to talk business and church matters over with the rector but facing Nuna with all the important question was different.

He was curious to see his cousin's friend, and he must of course seek him out; but Will felt unwilling to make Mr. Whitmore's acquaintance.

He longed to see Nuna; but in spite of his impatience he could not decide whether he should at once pour out his love to her, or wait until this dangerous rival was safely off the ground.

Will knew that he was inferior to Nuna; but he felt such reliance on the strength of his love, that it seemed to him she must in the end yield to its influence.

"Nuna will love with all her heart," he thought. "I shall never forget her when her sister died; why, she has never got back her spirits since."

There was a short way to Ashton across the common in front of Roger Westropp's cottage, and on through Wood Lane, but it was a way not often taken because of the sharp pitch in the lane above.

The shortest way suited best with Will's mood; and he drove across the common and into the road which led across it from the lane.

He thought he saw figures in front of Roger Westropp's cottage; but the black horse knew his road, and went at such a pace that in a moment the scene was clear to Will.

Patty Westropp stood just within the cottage-porch, and bending over her, with his arms clasped round her, was a gentleman, a stranger to Will, and yet, he felt certain, the very person he had come in search of.

"How utterly disgraceful!" Bright exclaimed. "I steady, respectable girl; a pet of Nuna's too."

And then he remembered that this daring transgressor of rural properties had doubtless spent yesterday at the Rectory; had talked to Nuna herself. There was profanation in the thought! When he reached the rectory Nuna sat drawing in the dining room.

She looked so pretty, bending gracefully over her drawing, with a bright earnestness in her eyes. Will could have gone down on his knees and worshipped her. Unfortunately she began to speak, almost at once, of Paul Whitmore.

Will hesitated. He could not tell Nuna what he had seen, and yet he must warn her against her exaggerated notions.

"I have not spoken to Mr. Whitmore, but from what I know about him I'm quite sure, Nuna, he is not a fit companion for you."

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DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Nuna's eyes sparkled; she flushed crimson, and sat very upright. "I don't understand you. Papa is the best judge of that, I think. I will go and find out how soon he will be at liberty to see you."

It was so new to see Nuna downright angry, that her lover sat confounded; he did not know what to do or say. But by the time she reached the door, passion had overcome fear, and he was beside her, grasping her arm.

"Nuna, darling, don't go away, don't be angry, there's a sweet darling. I've been vexing you with a heap of folly and nonsense all this time, just because I couldn't get the words out that I came to say; but you'll forgive me, darling, won't you? Don't be angry with me, you sweet gentle girl."

He put his strong arm round her as he ended, and drew her close to him.

Nuna freed herself as soon as she could; then she drew a deep breath.

"O Will, how could you? You frightened me."

Just then the door opened, and Jane appeared.

"The dressmaker, if you please, Miss. She's in the spare room."

Nuna was hurrying after Jane, but Will stepped before her; he shut the door and set his back against it.

"Wait just a minute, won't you? You shan't go like this," he said passionately. "I love you, Nuna! I have loved you all my life; give me a little hope, Nuna! I know I've blundered this morning, but—"

he stopped and looked at her pale, wondering face. "Nuna, darling, look at me out of your dear eyes just one minute. Try and see if you can't feel what I'm feeling: I'm almost mad now." His voice got hoarse and choked as he went on. "I'll be worse if you tell me there's no chance. For God's sake don't tell me so; tell me to wait. I'll wait any time

you like. Stop, Nuna," for she again shook her head sadly, "think how I've been hoping on for years; think how long I've loved you! Tell me, was there a chance for me before this cursed meddling Londoner came?" He spoke sternly, and anger flashed in Nuna's eyes. "There, I've ruined myself now, I see. Nuna, Nuna! will you go away like this from me, when I love you as I do?"

The anger in her face softened.

"I don't know what to say to you. O Will, why have you done this? Why don't you go on being friends, as we used to be? You have made it all so uncomfortable."

"We can never again be as we used to be," he said, sadly. "You don't know what love means, Nuna; you don't understand your own feelings yet; if they are free, you must in the end feel some love for me." She looked impatiently at the door. The unquiet tumult he had raised deadened her pity for him. "Yes, you shall go," he said bitterly; "I see I only torment and vex you; you can't bear the sight of me."

He had his hand on the door ready to open it; but Nuna melted. There was nothing hard in her at this epoch of her life. She held out her hand to Will.

"Do let us be friends," she said gently; "I believe I have not behaved as you had a right to expect. I mean," she spoke quickly, to check the hope she saw rising in his face, "I ought to have thanked you for what you told me; indeed I am grateful to you, and I'm sorry too. You do forgive me, don't you? She held out her hand.

Will clasped it close, kissed it passionately, then turned bitterly away. Every line of her dear face said "no" to the eager question he had asked. He turned silently away. Half way up to her room Nuna remembered Miss Coppock.

CONTINUED IN JUNE.

A Bit of Her Birthday

By Gazelle Stevens Sharp

My sister, who is an invalid, is compelled to spend much time away from home for change of climate or medical attendance. Often the homesickness is so great as nearly to counter balance the benefits obtained, and while absent from home she "almost lives on her mail."

Understanding this, not only her immediate family but relatives and neighbors snatch many a moment from other pleasures or duties that she may have a cheery letter or other pleasant reminder of home and friends.

One day in early spring, as she was feeling particularly depressed, and the homesickness had become almost unendurable, the postman brought her a box of hot-house flowers, her favorite yellow roses predominating, and with them a letter from a dear, sunny neighbor just across from her own little home that seemed so far away.

"I send you a bit of my birthday," she wrote.

The thoughtfulness, the home news, and the odor of the flowers she loved came to the invalid "like a breath of spring," she told me months afterward, and started a train of pleasant memories which helped to beguile the tedium of many a lonely hour.

It seemed such a beautiful thing to do, to send a sick friend "a bit of her birthday," not waiting for some anniversary day dear to the absent one, but dividing her own.

The same sweet thought is a part of the Kindergarten plan, where birthdays are celebrated, not by receiving but by giving, by sharing and serving, rather than by expecting special favors and attention.

Life would mean infinitely more, this old world be a far happier place, if we could teach our children from infancy

—if we ourselves might even yet learn to say of cherished possessions: "This is mine and you may have it," or "Let us enjoy this together, it is mine."

Some one, I do not now recall who it was, has said: "One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up." This is equally applicable to other things besides "our rights." Surely one of the greatest pleasures to be derived from any good thing we possess is that of sharing it.

Envy always implies conscious inferiority. *Pliny.*

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses. *Synard.*

Where the speech is corrupted the mind is also. *Seneca.*

Time hath often cured the wound which reason failed to heal.

The servile imitation of others is the true mark of a little mind. *Greville.*

The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example. *Morell.*

To expect defeat is nine-tenths of a defeat itself. *F. Marion Crawford.*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. *Izaak Walton.*

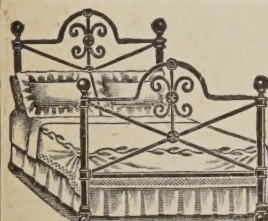
Between two evils, choose neither; between two goods, choose both. *Edwards.*

The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year. *Johnson.*

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves. *Pitt.*

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion. *Whately.*

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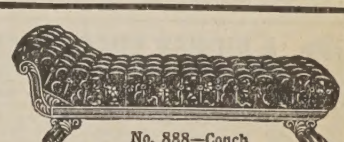
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Elegant 3-piece set, divan, arm chair and reception chair. Steel construction, velvet upholstered, frames of rich mahogany banded birch, all pieces full size and strongly built. For selling 5 doz. (Also bargain in 5-piece set, as well as odd and fancy parlor pieces.)



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No. 6221—Enamel Set

14 full size pieces, best double coated purple blend, white dots, glass finish. 8-qt. tea kettle, 3-qt. coffee pot, 4-qt. covered kettle, other pieces in proportion. For selling 2 doz.

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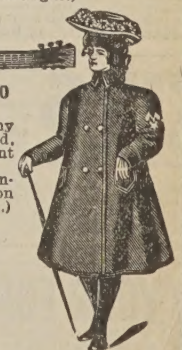
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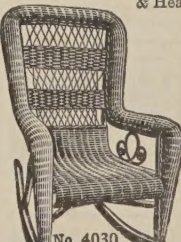
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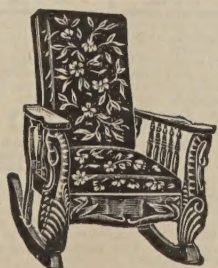
No. 99—Jute Smyrna Rug

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No. 3150—Kitchen Cabinet

Finished in light, natural colored maple, top of base 28x42, kneading board 17x23, 1 drawer and 2 bins. Solid bolted legs. Top 38 in. long, 20 in. high; 1 large and 4 small drawers. For selling 3 1/2 doz.



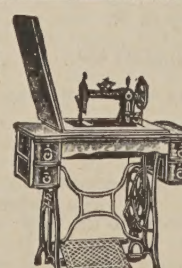
No. 411—Morris Chair

An improvement over the old Morris Chair. Solid oak, finely finished, height 41 in., width 30 in., seat 22 in. square. Upholstered, best velvet. For selling 3 doz. (Other styles. Also a full line of wood rockers, diners tables, etc.)



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The season's latest—a "Tommy Atkins" Turban. Silk wire frame, covered with French felt, trimmed with 2 large pompadour ribbons and ornaments. All colors. For selling 1 doz. (Other styles to suit.)



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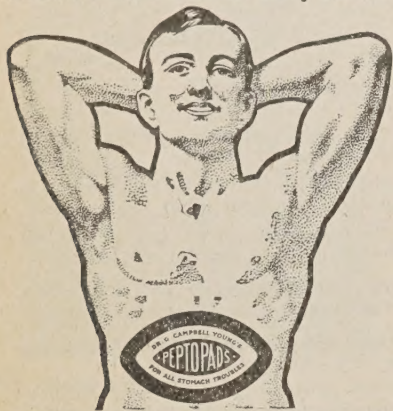


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At the Mast.

(Continued from page 13)

name not his own, but there was really no thought of it. He had been adopted by a family in Buffalo who were stopping at the hotel in Cape May when he was abandoned there. Their name was Ballwen and the court readily believed that he used that name in good faith when enlisting.

Furthermore, it appeared that it had been his brooding over his lost father while ill in the hospital, that had determined him to hunt up his old home, and to make himself known if he found that his father was still alive.

His courage almost failed him when, still white, thin and weak from illness, he found himself in Cincinnati. The early memory of localities that he had vaguely relied upon failed him entirely. Everything, and every place, seemed so strange and unfamiliar that he was long in finding what he believed to be his old home. For many minutes he stood irresolute on the broad flight of steps to the great stone mansion, hope and affection fighting hard with timidity. Half minded was he to come away without ringing the bell.

The pompous negro butler who answered his ring gave the poor boy a haughty stare and returned with this message:

"De madam say dat Colonel Clarkin' ain't home, an she doan know nuthin bout you. She say for you to go on away. She's tired o' folks what keep comin' here claimin' to be dat los' boy. You clar' out, now!"

The poor boy's protests were unavailing. No, he might not come in, or see the madam. Colonel Clarkin might be away for months. "Be off with you!" and the door was shut in his face according to the servant's instructions.

Crushed, still more confused, utterly hopeless now of recognition by his father, our hero stumbled down the steps a wanderer once more in the great, smoky city, began drifting about and thus became a deserter.

Looking about me at the light of sympathy glowing in faces that in a few moments ago lowered with displeasure, I no longer feared for Ballwen the results of the court martial. My next thought was of his father, who knew nothing of the lad's existence, of the toils that had gathered around him, or, least of all, how lately he had staggered hopeless and bewildered from the door of his old home. His father must come at once and help to complete the rescue of his long-lost boy.

CONTINUED IN JUNE.

The Home Laundry

(Continued from page 35)

a deep receptacle; add the other ingredients, cover till cold, then set away in glass jars. The potash will boil violently when the water touches it, and care must be taken to avoid burning one's hands. To wash by this method, sort the clothes as usual, soak over night and wring. In the morning fill the boiler with water and while it is heating shave half a bar of soap into a quart of water which should boil until the soap is dissolved. When the water in the boiler is hot add the dissolved soap and two-thirds of a cupful of the fluid. When this boils put in the clothes and rinse in three waters. Clothes washed in this way will be white and clear, and last longer than if rubbed in the old-fashioned way.—Mrs. H. D.

Borax Instead of Soap

Boiling clothes in soapy water, or with soap rubbed on them makes them yellow. Instead, boil them in clear water for from one to five minutes and note the improvement. Or you might add a handful of borax to the water and let it dissolve before putting in the clothes. To remove grime from the clothes-boiler use kerosene.—A. H. B.

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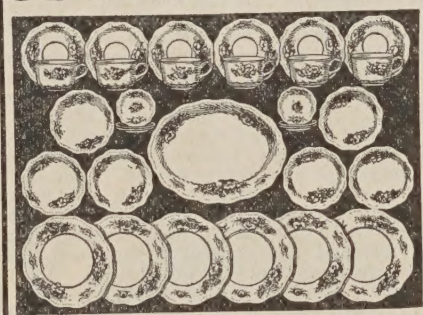
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DESCRIPTION This 31-piece set of dishes consists of 6 plates, 6 fruit dish, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 individual butter plates, and one host platter. Every dish is full size and handsomely decorated with deep red flowers and light and dark green foliage, all so delicately shaded and so perfect in workmanship that the flowers are true to life. The decorations are applied by the new Decole process which gives a much more perfect finish than the old process could. The dishes are all double glazed and will wear a lifetime. They are semi-porcelain and are fully guaranteed in every respect.

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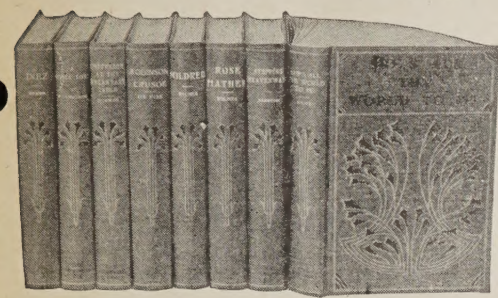
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still cured today. My husband, who has been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

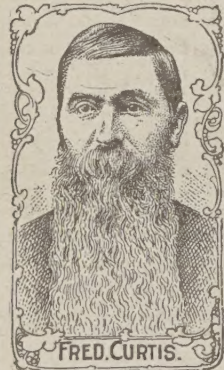
I was then so impressed with its wonderful powers that I sent a package to my brother in Manitoba, who had been given up as incurable with Rheumatism and Dropsy, and who, also, had a very bad running sore or ulcer on his leg. Before he had taken the entire package I had sent him, the sore was almost entirely healed and his health began to return. He had not been able to work for years, but after using altogether three packages, his health was so remarkably improved that he was able to return to his regular work. His wife writes me: "We cannot say too much in praise of Vitae-Ore. It has made a new man of George."

I send my husband's and my own photograph, and am glad to add our testimonials to the long list who say, "Vitae-Ore has cured me." Mrs. EDW. GATBRAITH, Gorrie, Ont., Canada.

Had Lost the Use of His Limbs.

Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble Completely Cured at Age of 65.

I had Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble and was so weak I could not stand on my feet. I had really entirely lost the use of my limbs. I had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had consulted and treated with all of the best doctors hereabouts, to no avail, so that I had become resigned to what I considered the inevitable, giving up all hopes of a cure. One day a friend advised me to try Vitae-Ore, calling my attention to the manner in which it was offered on trial. I contended that it would be like all of the rest and do me no good, but this good friend so insisted that I finally sent for a package on trial. The trial package showed a remarkable improvement and I sent forthwith three packages altogether that I have used. This



was over one year ago, and although I am now sixty-five years of age, I can truthfully say that I feel as good and healthy, and in fact as young as I did twenty years ago. I can eat anything I want; my kidneys do not trouble me; my liver is acting as it should. My neighbors all ask me what I have been doing to make me look so well and active, and I tell them all the credit belongs to Vitae-Ore. FRED CURTIS, Swanton, Ohio.

V.-O. WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU

as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this advertisement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, can hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say—do just as we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper.

THEO. NOEL CO. Vick's Dept. **Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.**